

Rocky's Road to Washington, by Richard Reeves
The Country Real Estate Scramble, by Jane O'Reilly
A Guide to Self-Defense Academies in New York

40 CENTS

OCTOBER 18, 1971

NEW YORK

HOW RICH IS THE ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK?



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Page 39

How Rich Is the Archdiocese of New York?

By James Gollin

Although most people assume, without access to facts and figures, that the archdiocese possesses Croescan wealth, James Gollin, who has spent five years studying the finances of the Catholic Church for a forthcoming book (see *Between the Lines*, page 4), has found the truth to be more complicated. Cardinal Cooke's archdiocese does own some \$750-million in assets, but . . . in some ways, in fact, the archdiocese is in dire straits, and, without some sort of miracle, it may have to abandon its schools.

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How To Find a House in the Country That You Can't Afford

By Jane O'Reilly

Almost every city-dweller—and the New Yorker most of all—has a cherished dream about owning land. His reasons are numerous: a refuge from the urban hangup, the chance to show his kids a tree, a hedge against inflation. Whatever the reason, a land-buying craze is upon us, and the urbanites are grabbing chunks of property as far north as Nova Scotia and out into the Rockies. Miss O'Reilly has been looking at this new land rush, both around her own piece of terrain in Vermont and across the map, and outlines the state of the land market these days, pitfalls and all.

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Is That Really Nelson Rockefeller Crawling to Richard Nixon?

By Richard Reeves

It is a well-known fact that Nelson Rockefeller is a man who can get anything he wants—except, possibly, the Presidency. And he hasn't given up on that, either. That seems the best explanation for the complete turnaround in his attitude toward, and relations with, Richard Nixon. The Rockefeller strategy appears to be a place in the next Nixon Administration and, thereby, a shot at the White House in '76.

Page 68

How I Joined the Family

By Guy Talese

Former *Times* man Talese, whose *The Kingdom and the Power* revealed the inner workings of that complex institution, has recently produced another book on an equally complex organization: *Honor Thy Father*, a history of the Bonanno family of the New York Mafia. Behind the story in the book is another, of how an outsider managed to gain the confidence of the family in order to put the book together. Mr. Talese tells how he did it.

THE LIVELY ARTS

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The Boulez Philharmonic, an Orchestra in Tune

By Alan Rich

The impact of the Philharmonic's new director, on the orchestra and on audiences, has so far been stronger than even the optimists had predicted.

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A Boy's Best Friend

By Judith Crist

A new French movie deals with the Oedipal theme, but with taste and understanding that raise it above the current exploitation level.



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Non-Theater, Solitary and Communal

By John Simon

Neither the new Robert Anderson play on Broadway, nor the group-grope at the Guggenheim, adds up to much real theatrical stimulation.

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The Best Thing in Life Is Me

By John Gruen

Lucas Samaras has managed to turn auto-eroticism into artistic expression in his latest show.

MISCELLANY

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The City Politic: East Hampton, 1984

By Linda Francke

The Hamptons aren't going to be a retreat from urban madness any more. A jetport, overdevelopment and offshore drilling are just a few of the projected horrors.

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In and Around Town

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Best Bets

Page 85

The Urban Strategist:**A Defensive Look at Self-Defense**

By Barry Tarshis

Can any of the numerous local dojos turn you into an Oddjob or a Kato? Not impossible, says Tarshis—but not likely, either.

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The Underground Gourmet: Two for Lunch

By Milton Glaser and Jerome Snyder

Two new spots offer good noontime value: a Korean restaurant and one of indeterminate internationality.

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New York Magazine Puzzle

By Richard Maltby Jr.

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World's Most Challenging CrosswordFrom *The Sunday Times of London*

Cover: Is the church financially safe? Photographed by Peggy Barnett.

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BETWEEN THE LINES

Why investigate the finances of the Catholic Church? "First, because it's a fascinating story that nobody before has ever really been able to put together," says James Gollin, who wrote this week's cover article. "Second, because the truth about church wealth is far more intriguing—and more important—than the myths. And finally because today the problems of Catholic Church finances, especially in the parochial schools, hit every one of us right in the wallet, whether we're Catholic or not."

Gollin, 39, has spent five years researching and writing *Worldly Goods*, a book which contains, among other "firsts," the first accurate appraisal of U.S. Catholic Church wealth, the first documented study of how the church raises, spends and invests its money and the first informed report on Vatican finances. Random House will release *Worldly Goods* October 28.

"Contrary to legend," Gollin says, "the church is not monolithic. To gather material, I had to visit Catholic churchmen in dioceses all over the U.S. and make two trips to Rome. It meant talking with parish priests, with bishops and their aides, with the heads of religious orders and with bankers, brokers and others who do business with the church. I've interviewed everybody but Trappist monks. They take vows of perpetual silence."

The church as a whole has long maintained near-total silence about money, a fact which made Gollin's task no easier. "One bishop, now a cardinal, asked me if I wasn't just another journalist who wanted 'to kick the Pope in the head.' Others never answered my letters. But most churchmen, and lay consultants, too, were cooperative. Many feel that the image of a rich church hurts operations."

Gollin calls the church officials whom he spoke with in New York "cautious . . . but knowledgeable and helpful. Even so, it took several months and a lot of letter-writing to persuade the chancery that I wanted more than 'the big figures,' which they feel are always misunderstood. But once they accepted this, archdiocesan executives went out of their way to help. They even fed me—the hamburgers in the chancery cafeteria are about the best in town."

The story which begins on page 39, written especially for *New York*, contains much material that isn't in Gollin's book. "The Archdiocese of New York mirrors all the problems of eccles-



Richard Reeves

astical money managers everywhere—in the U.S. and in Rome," he says.

Gollin has spent most of his life in learning how huge institutions deal with money. In *Pay Now, Die Later*, he reported on the American life insurance industry. He lives with his wife and their two children in Manhattan.

We are pleased to welcome Richard Reeves to our list of Contributing Editors—a homecoming, in a sense, since Dick worked on the *Herald Tribune* as reporter and rewrite man during the days when *New York* was beginning life as Sunday supplement to that lamented paper. When the *Trib* folded in 1966, Reeves joined the *Times*, where he has been Chief Political and Urban Affairs Correspondent and head of the City Hall Bureau. "Actually, I started life mayor-watching," he reports, "since I was born at Misericordia Hospital when it was located across the street from Gracie Mansion."

Reeves holds a mechanical engineering degree from Stevens Institute, and began his career as an engineer. Shortly afterwards, however, he took his first journalistic plunge by founding the Phillipsburg (New Jersey) *Free Press* in 1961. His article on Nelson Rockefeller's current political outlook (page 59) is his first for *New York*. "I'm afraid Mr. Rockefeller doesn't like me much," he says. "But that's expected. Nobody I write about seems to like me. The best line I've ever heard quoted about me was when Arthur Goldberg got mad that I'd revealed in the *Times* Magazine that Steve Smith had once called him 'Goldilocks.' 'How could Reeves do this to me?' Goldberg complained. 'His father was a judge, too. He should understand these things.'"

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LETTERS

The Bundy Appointment

The reference to me by John Franklin Campbell ["The Death Rattle of the Eastern Establishment," September 20] is misleading if it encourages anyone to suppose that I had any sympathy with Professor Falk's movement to rescind the invitation to William Bundy to become editor of *Foreign Affairs*. I do believe that *Foreign Affairs* will spend a good deal of the next few years sorting out the lessons of Vietnam; and, were I in Mr. Bundy's place, I would feel disqualified to preside over that effort. But I strongly oppose the vengeful and punitive impulse represented by the campaign to drive Mr. Bundy out of the job. The question of the editorship of *Foreign Affairs* seems to me a matter of Mr. Bundy's conscience. One can only have a profound distaste for self-appointed keepers of the morality of others. Harriet Van Horne has reminded us of the aphorism of Nietzsche: "Distrust all those in whom the desire to punish is strong."

I must add that Mr. Campbell's other reference to me—as the advocate of the theory of "the necessary amorality of foreign policy"—is equally misleading. The editors of *Harper's*, without any consultation with me, affixed that title on my article in their August issue; but, as any attentive reader of the piece must recognize, far from arguing the necessary amorality of foreign policy, I was concerned with defining the ways that morality interpenetrates the conduct of foreign affairs.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr.
Manhattan

I should like to make clear that while I did write to David Rockefeller protesting against the appointment of William Bundy as editor of *Foreign Affairs*, my grounds for protesting were not, as the article states, that Mr. Bundy "is a possible 'war criminal.'" I argued, instead, that the outlook necessarily concomitant with the sorts of policies for which Mr. Bundy shared major responsibility in the past is not one which one might feel confident would give adequate leadership to *Foreign Affairs* in an era when that journal should make a searching examination of the assumptions underlying past and future American policies. Also, while I objected to the fact that Mr. Bundy's appointment was made without any evident consultation of the Council, I did not join Richard Falk, Richard Barnett, and Ronald Steel in calling for a referendum

on the issue, feeling that the polarization induced by such a process would seriously impair the Council's usefulness as a forum for discussion. I should add that Mr. Campbell's misrepresentation of my position was inadvertent: the fault lies with Mr. Rockefeller's memorandum of August 9 to the Council's membership, which incorrectly implied that my views on the issue were identical with those of Messrs. Falk, Barnett, and Steel.

Richard H. Ullman
Princeton, New Jersey

While John Franklin Campbell skillfully dramatized the imbroglio at the Council on Foreign Relations, I feel that his presentation of my position requires some clarification.

Although I consider William Bundy singularly unqualified to conduct, as editor of *Foreign Affairs*, an unbiased assessment of the disastrous foreign policy of which he was an architect, I hardly feel "apocalyptic" about this kind of issue. Also, as a member, albeit recent, of the Council, I could not very comfortably maintain that the members have not had "a new idea in twenty years." Here I think Mr. Campbell was editorializing in his words rather than mine.

As for the question of the Bundy issue being "the establishment's Dreyfus case," I'm afraid the analogy is not very accurate. Captain Dreyfus, after all, never did the things his accusers charged, and he was, of course, the victim of the establishment, not its protégé. In this instance, it would seem that Mr. Campbell took literally what I suggested facetiously. I'm sure this was an honest error, but it gave a somewhat erroneous view of my position.

Ronald Steel
Manhattan

John Franklin Campbell should have boned up on Lorenz, Ardrey, Morris and other gurus of the New Biology like Antony Machiavelli Jay ["Who Knows What Primitive Instincts . . ." September 20] before diagnosing the Eastern establishment. He might have then prognosticated a troubled convalescence and eventual full recovery for the ailing Council on Foreign Relations.

Like most pedigreed "show" animals, the thoroughbred Eastern Wasp legal-financial power elite must have had all the horse sense bred right out of them or they'd have realized that their establishment club and board of direc-



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tors are three times too large as corporate community and hunting party.

Luckily, hunters Falk, Ullman, Steel and Barnett have the killer instinct that served the Dulles and Bundy boys so well in their prime; with the help of council "infants" and "adolescents," they may put it to better use.

John F. Laughlin
Editor, *Family Digest*
Huntington, Indiana

The author replies: It is useful to have these added clarifications by Messrs. Schlesinger, Ullman and Steel of the reasons each of them has for objecting to the Bundy appointment. The sincerity and seriousness they bring to the issue offer a lead to many other concerned Council members who would like to move their organization out of its present Time of Troubles. Mr. Laughlin, on the other hand, compares the Council conflict to a biological malady of the animal kingdom. Certainly there is some horsing around, herd psychology, and distemper in the rhetoric of the debate. But most councilmen would say "Horsefeathers!" to the drastic veterinary medicine Dr. Laughlin prescribes.

Attica

I was amazed at the shortsightedness and demagogic tone of Jack Newfield's "Remember Attica" [*The City Politic*, September 27]. I, too, am concerned about what occurred in Attica. I, too, am involved to the extent of being disturbed at the misrepresentations made to us by our public officials. However, to allege that Governor Rockefeller is an insensitive person simply because he was born wealthy or that he was sitting back like some Marie Antoinette suggesting the people "go eat cake" in the throes of the revolution, is not representing the facts as they were.

I am a lifelong Democrat, I have never voted for Governor Rockefeller, and I am not suggesting that his method of handling the Attica situation was correct. However, I feel that Mr. Newfield is further disturbing ashes that have been heated by too much verbiage. Instead of seeking to place blame, let us seek to find answers to correct the situation.

As an attorney who specializes mainly in criminal law, I often see injustices occurring and I work arduously against their repetition. I know of no system where injustices do not occur, but they do occur less frequently under ours.

Now is the time to work out solutions, not to further agitate a polarized populace.

Murray Richman
Manhattan

"THE BRASS MONKEY IS WORTH TWO AIRCRAFT CARRIERS IN THE CORAL SEA."

—Admiral Kokura

Purported to be H.E. Rasske,
Manila 1939.



A Modern Legend Unfolds

Before the Brass Monkey was a drink, it was a code name for a spy: W. W. II. Our side. His spy-mastering in 1941-43 drove the other side up their shoji screens, and earned him a secret citation.

The center of this espionage web was The Brass Monkey, a sin-infested drinking club on the Street of Many Promises, Macao, off the China coast.

Cast of Characters

The club got its name from a small brass figurine that guarded the threshold. The specialty of the house was a sunshine yellow drink that became a favorite of the tough minded agents who plied their trade on the neutral island. Inevitably, the drink got tagged The Brass Monkey.

Did H. E. Rasske invent the drink? After all, he was The Brass Monkey.

Behind a cover story that painted him as an Austrian importer, Rasske made contact with a motley assortment of dhow captains, river pirates and mercenaries whose function was to get men and guns into China.

The Code

To connect with Rasske, agents were briefed to order a Brass Monkey at the club, and with a pencil, do some selective doodling on the coaster served with the drink.

The instructions were specific: scratch out the words "No Evil," then cross out all the letters from the words "The Brass Monkey" that did not appear in "See, Hear and Speak."

The letters remaining spelled out H. E. Rasske, the name of the contact. Eventually the trail would lead to Rasske's wharf, where the importer would slip out of the shadows, give his orders, then slip back into the gloom.

The Japanese Secret Service never caught on to Rasske's role as The Brass Monkey. And Admiral Kokura and his colleagues paid the price.

Secret Revealed

It is reputed that Rasske, now grey-haired, tends his roses and plays with his grandchildren somewhere in the Midwest.

Some years ago, an old China hand, who thought the master spy dead in a Hong Kong warehouse fire, bumped into Rasske. As they renewed their friendship, Rasske reluctantly divulged The Brass Monkey recipe to his old comrade. It is this story that got Heublein interested in the drink, and The Brass Monkey into a bottle.

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HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Underseas Consultant.
Director of the Oceanographic News Service.

HOBBIES: Designing jewelry from marine artifacts.

LAST BOOK READ: "Cybernetic Problems
in Bionics."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Organized a major
underseas expedition to collect marine life for a
pharmaceutical firm seeking new drugs from the sea.

QUOTE: "The world's oceans can provide us with
new sources of drugs, food, vast supplies of oil, gas,
minerals, and metals, but unless these resources are
efficiently exploited by all nations of the world,
society as we know it today cannot hope to endure."

PROFILE: A strong will. An inquisitive intellect.
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by a logical approach to finding solutions.

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Dewar's never varies.

THE CITY POLITIC

BY LINDA FRANCKE

EAST HAMPTON, 1984

The line at the East Hampton Farmer's Market stretched back along the Mall that hot July day in 1984, as residents and summer visitors waited patiently to buy fresh tomatoes, corn, lettuce and peaches. The vegetables and fruit did not come from local farmers, of course. Everyone knew that. The farmers had sold out years before to land speculators and developers, and instead had started their "authentic" farmer's market. Dressed in overalls, straw hats and purposefully muddied boots, they weighed and sold their imported produce. Farther down the Mall, the East End's ex-fishermen were selling tickets for the 5 p.m. "Gardiners Island Scenic Cruise," which was more profitable than commercial fishing. The Russians, Japanese, West Germans and Puerto Ricans had fished out the waters long ago, and the fishermen had grouped together, converted their fishing boats into gaily painted orange-and-yellow cruise boats and floated tourists hourly to the federally owned dock on Gardiners Island.

A sudden jet roar blasted the July air, and the people covered their ears out of habit as a 747 Europe-bound charter flight from the West Coast circled over East Hampton on its descent into Suffolk County Airport in Westhampton. A middle-aged couple, defeated by the crowds and the noise, made their way through the 18.2 acres of parking lot adjoining the Mall to drive back to their "luxury" apartment at the East End Ocean View apartment house on Further Lane, just east of Two Mile Hollow Road. It took them quite a while to navigate through the traffic and the one-way streets around the Shopping Mall, but they weren't in a hurry. Their "ocean-view" these days looked down on waves heavy with oil slick, and black bulges of tar on the beach, in spite of the town's efforts to clean it. "It was one chance in a million that the poppy-cock dual-thrust over-under pin would give way," a spokesman for the Humble Oil Company had said. But give way it had, leaving the beaches thick with dead fish and floundering sea birds. The town raked up the dead fish at five every afternoon, but it was still early and the stench was enough to cause the couple to pack up and leave East Hampton for their home in Providence. It was an easy trip now, what with the Orient Point Bridge stretching from the North Fork to Rhode Island, and they were home in just under two hours.



By 1984, East Hampton is going to look very different. According to the East Hampton Comprehensive Plan, in 1980 agricultural land will be down to 11 per cent of town land, being phased down ultimately to just 4.1 per cent. A whopping 4,626 acres will be taken up by streets and highways, and 4,320 acres of now-vacant land will be needed to house the population, expected to double by 1980. The projected year-round population (now 10,369) is 19,700, plus 18,000 seasonal residents. Add to this the 35,300 people expected to be gracing our motels and hotels, and the projected population on a hot weekend in August peaks out at 73,000. For their money to tinkle effortlessly into the cash registers of the village, a Shopping Mall is planned with Newtown Lane being closed to traffic and open to pedestrians. There will be berths for 2,460 cars on 18.2 acres adjacent to the Mall.

By 1984 there will be "luxury" apartment buildings and townhouses grouped around fields with swimming pools and tennis courts. The "multiple-residence-zoned" land will be communal to all who live there, preserving at least the appearance of open space. Presently, in an effort to preserve open land, the town fathers are advocating cluster zoning, which provides for the concentration of residences within a relatively small area, leaving the balance of the acreage as open land. Attempts to limit potential population and overly intense development have resulted in the recent passage of an ordinance reducing zoning density from fourteen to eight apartment units per acre.

Since 1966, one-quarter-acre single-residence zoning has been eliminated, and 20,000 acres have been up-zoned

from one acre to two, and one-half an acre to one. Now the blue chips, already safe in their one-acre zoning between Hither and Further Lanes, want to be safer yet with two-acre zoning. And they'll get it. There are practical as well as esthetic reasons for limiting population growth. The dwindling fresh water supply will be unable to support a substantial increase in users. Residents of Napeague have already been forced to use bottled water.

By 1984, Gardiners Island will be a national park, and more people than the Boy Scouts and the few who can fork up \$100 for the annual charity trip to the island will be able to see it. Suffolk County's own representative, Congressman Otis Pike, is presenting legislation this fall to convert not only Gardiners Island into a national park, but 1,000 acres of Napeague Beach and three other small islands as well.

By 1980, Amagansett's population will have reached 5,520, Wainscott's 820, and that, the plan says, is as big as they should be allowed to get. Growth will be north of the Montauk Highway toward the already rapidly developing Springs area and the Northwest Woods. Undeveloped land north of the highway, which went for \$400 an acre ten years ago, is now up to \$5,000 an acre, while the price of land on the ocean side continues to soar—it's now going for \$20,000 to \$50,000 an acre, depending on proximity to the ocean.

But, by 1984, the threats of change from outside East Hampton will be even greater. Industry, the bane of any resort community, will be but minutes away from the beach umbrellas. The Suffolk County Airport in Westhampton will be developed as a jetport. Passenger terminals, cargo terminals, even customs facilities have been proposed, with a 1975 capacity for 110 "movements" per hour, nearly two a minute, for all types of aircraft. Six thousand, six hundred acres at the airport have been zoned for "light industry" and three banks have already applied for space. From the North, industry will be creeping along the Long Island Expressway, which will finally have come to rest halfway up the North Fork. Plans for the Orient Point-Fishers Island-Rhode Island Bridge will have been drawn up. The bridge will link up with the Expressway and complete the route to New England. The Shelter Island and Greenport ferries, now the only water transport to the North Fork, will be gone.

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But the greatest threat will come from the sea. Oil, it appears, has been discovered just off the coast of Long Island. Twenty-eight exploration permits have been issued for that area by the Department of the Interior, and Humble Oil is said to be sitting on one of the largest natural gas domes ever discovered, just six miles out. No fewer than 49 oil companies have joined in the search, and, according to a Humble Oil executive, "There is an excellent chance that oil and gas in commercial quantities will be found off the Atlantic Coast."

With public hearings slated for November, 1972, prior to the granting of drilling permits, the opposition is mobilizing. To prevent offshore drilling, suits are being filed against the federal government under the National Environmental Act of 1971. The two groups presently filing suit are the Suffolk County Legislature, represented by Chairman John V. N. Klein, and the "Committee on Resource Management," a citizens' group headed by Thomas Macres, a former member of the New York State Conservation Council.

What a bitter pill for East Hamptons to swallow. For over 300 years, the dead end of the East End has isolated them from the megalopolitan problems of Nassau and Suffolk Counties, allowing the eighteenth-century concept of "home rule" to prevail in its beach-front time capsule. Even the names of the village fathers, local businessmen all, read like a glossary of the past. Mayor Ronald Rioux is married to a Parsons, and is manager of Parsons Electric. On his board are William McElroy, married to a Schenck and the owner of the East Hampton Shoe Store; Charles Osborne, a real estate and insurance broker; George Hand, recently retired from funeral parlor work; and the only newcomer, Dr. William Abel, a surgeon at Southampton Hospital. Stubborn and Yankee, they have successfully fought off all efforts of Suffolk County to include the village in regional planning. The East Hampton Airport has not been expanded to land anything bigger than a Lear jet. In the industrial park there are still only two tenants. There is no public housing in the town, and no projected plans for any. Of the proposed Orient Point Bridge, which would undoubtedly provide jobs for the town where unemployment runs 3 per cent higher than the rest of Nassau and Suffolk Counties, Eugene Lester, East Hampton town supervisor, said, "I'm against it, of course. It would make it harder to keep East Hampton as a resort area."

"What we'd really like," said one local official, "is for everyone to drive to the Bridgehampton traffic light, leave

their money, and go back to New York." Deputy Mayor Abel says, "I don't want any more people here. If I'd wanted to live in a big town, I would have moved to one."

In an effort to exert more control over future developments, the town hired a professional town planner last May. This fall, "Citizens Concerned for East Hampton," a watchdog group of some 500 "seasonal" residents, hired a lawyer. After 300 years the atmosphere of interdependence and trust, the "handshake's better than a contract" tradition, has broken down and been replaced with the suspicious sophistication of the twentieth century. Even the summer people who heretofore had worked only on their tans and their forehands are beginning to read the legal notices in the *East Hampton Star*. In response to a full-page ad run by "Concerned Citizens" last July, no fewer than 300 fist-waving summer people showed up at a public hearing to discuss a proposed "floating motel-hotel zone." The proposal, which was put forward by an existing motel with expansion plans, would have allowed motels and hotels to be built on any parcel of land ten acres or more in the village. "LOOK OUT, EAST HAMPTON! FROM THE SAME BOARD THAT OFFERED US 'PAVE THE PLAYGROUND FOR PARKING' COMES 'THE GREAT MOTEL-HOTEL SELLOUT!'" bannered the headlines. And look out they did, so intimidating the village fathers that after a three-minute recess, the fathers voted the proposal down. Placard-carrying, cause-marching New York liberals turn arch-conservative in the sea air and try to drop a clam curtain behind them. "I used to think of East Hampton as a luxury," the publisher of a national magazine said, "but now I realize it's a necessity."

Too late. The Hamptons have been over-discovered. In a March issue of the *Village Voice*, there were 43 ads on one page for summer group rentals in Amagansett. In Sagaponack, speculators turn huge chunks of land over like coffee futures, one parcel having changed hands five times in three years.

How inconceivable it all sounds as I sit here now in East Hampton, fall, 1971. The potatoes are picked, the cover crops of rye and winter wheat sown, and the scalloping season begins next week. There are four hen pheasants pecking at the dirt in our back yard and the rabbits have come out to eat what's left of our flowers. There used to be woods at the bottom of our lawn, but over the winter a dentist from Babylon built an octagonal house there. Now I have nothing against dentists, or people from Babylon, but the point is, there used to be woods there.

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

October 14 through 21

(Listings highly subject to change)

OPENINGS

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14

W. R. Mysteries of the Organism—Beginning as a documentary on the career of Wilhelm Reich, fictional scenes ensue about a Yugoslav girl who preaches Reich's theories of socialism with her own interpretation. Makeyev directed. Cinema 11, 3rd Ave. nr 60th (PL 3-7774).

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17

A Safe Place—Tuesday Weld and Philip Proctor are two people the same age with a generation gap. Jack Nicholson is Tuesday's not-so-ex-lover. Orson Welles plays a mysterious father figure. Henry Jaglom directed. Columbia 11, 2nd Ave. at E 64th (832-1670).

Murmur of the Heart—The sexual coming of age of a boy in his fifteenth year in Dijon in 1954 provides the theme for a compassionate French film concerned with the total expression of caring between mother and son. Little Carnegie, 57th St. nr 7th Ave (246-5123).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20

T. R. Baskin—Candice Bergen stars as a girl starting a job in Chicago. Directed by Herbert Ross. With Peter Boyle, Marcie Rodd and James Caan. Loew's State 11, Bway and 45th (JU 2-5070).

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

The Gladiators—Peter Watkins' new film about computerized war games between China and the West. Olympia, Bway at 107th (865-8126).

THE MOVIES

Alice's Restaurant—This longer-playing version of Arthur Guthrie's record is stretched by Arthur Penn into a multigenre feast of hippodrom and served up with lots of Alice. Enough of the flavor of Arthur survives to pleasure those who perked. Thru 10/19, Riviera, Bway nr 97th (RI 9-8046).

Bananas—Woody Allen, as co-author, director and star, casts his usual fine comedic eye on security and subversion, guerrilla warfare and military dictatorships, among other contemporary foibles, in a low-keyed, semi-satiric satire. Thru 10/19, Charles, Ave. B at 12th (GR 4-2101).

Carnal Knowledge—A very funny and very sad sex film, directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson and Arthur Garfunkel as the eternal roommates 20 years later who've never lost their adolescent hang-ups and attitudes toward women and sex. Cinema 11, 3rd Ave. nr 60th (PL 3-6022).

Cry Uncle!—If you like dirty movies, Joe-Director John Avildsen's crude rude take-off on exploitation and private-eye flicks—with Allen Garfunkel perfect as a reunchy paunchy detective—has fun and frolic galore. Kiss Day, 2nd Ave. at 31st (LE 2-6668); Embassy, 46th St. & 7th Ave. (PL 7-2408).

Desperate Characters—There's disappointment in Frank Gilroy's directorial debut and screenplay in this talky stilled static movie about the horrors of urban life. Shirley Maclaine and Kenneth Mars merely add to the desperation. Festival, 57th St. & 5th Ave. (LE 1-2323).

Death in Venice—Luchino Visconti's adaptation of Thomas Mann's novella is, although ultimately unsatisfying, a triumph of ambience and of performance by Dirk Bogarde as a dying composer enraptured by a beautiful youth of 14. Thru 10/19, 34th St. Cinema, at 2nd Ave. (MU 3-0255).

Friends—French girl, 14, and English boy, 15, meet, mate and make merry and love in a tale by the beautiful sea in France all to Eton John music until the mean ol' adult world breaks it up. This rotten one led by Lewis (The Adventurers) Gilbert. Thru 10/21, Greenwich, 12th St. at Greenwich (WA 9-3350); Thru 10/19, Midtown, Bway nr 99th (AC 2-1200).

It Only Happens to Others—Catherine Deneuve and Marcello Mastroianni portray the beautiful parents of an infant daughter who suddenly dies, but the film never probes beyond the surface sadness of the experience. Peris, 5th Ave. and 58th St. (MU 8-2013).

Kluge—A first-rate compassionate thriller, an adult mystery story with Donald Sutherland as a detective investigating a men's disappearance and Jane Fonda as the call girl in the case. Both are excellent in a uniquely satisfying movie. Cine Mailbu, 59th St. nr 2nd (759-4630).

Kolch-Walt—Matthew is excellent as a 72-year-old widower who shares his cottage with an unwed pregnant teenager in a very nice, neat and touching entertainment marking an auspicious directorial debut for Jack Lemmon. On the Greek Stage, Fall Preview, Radio City Music Hall, 8th Ave. at 50th (PL 7-3100).

Let's Scare Jessica to Death—Zohre Lempert, Barthe Heyman, Mercierle Costello, Gretchen Corbett and Alan Menon in a film about a neurotic woman, her dimwitted husband, his stupid friend and a peculiar girl who all live together in an old house on the edge of a mucky lake. Directed by John Hancock. Criterion, Bway at 45th (JU 2-1795).

Long Ago Tomorrow—A poetic and compassionate love story about a working-class led and an upper-middle-class girl in a British nursing home for paraplegics. Nanette Newman and Malcolm McDowell head a fine cast directed by Bryan Forbes. Beekman, 2nd Ave. nr 65th (RE 7-2622).

8th N.Y. Film Festival, Vivian Caspary Theater, Lincoln Center, 150 W 65th St (EN 2-7616).

10/13, 730, **W. R. Mysteries of the Organism**;

Yugoslavia; Makeyev.

10/14, 6, **Bonaparte and the Revolution**; French;

Albi Gence.

10/15, 730, **A Safe Place**; American; Jaglom.

10/16, 930, **Le Souffle au Coeur**; French; Maille.

McCabe and Mrs. Miller—Robert Altman has given us a raw and glowing glimpse of a northwest mining town on the rise in a sad end hunting frontier belted about a gambling man and a madame. Warren Beatty and Julie Christie are excellent. Thru 10/19 at the following: Embassy 72nd & Bway (SC 4-8455); Gramercy, 23rd St. nr Lexington (GR 5-1660); Symphony, Bway and 95th (AC 2-6600); Bklyn Heights 110, 70 Henry St, Bklyn (596-7070).

Midnight Cowboy—The dazzling performances by Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman in John Schlesinger's brilliant film version of James Leo Herlihy's compassionate and comic novel about the lonely ones should not be missed. And here's another chance for you not to miss it. Thru 10/19, Riviera, Bway nr 97th (RI 9-8046).

Milhouse—Making Nixon super-ridiculous leads to the failure of this "white comedy" collage of film clips from his career. Even the most ardent anti-Nixonite realizes early on that he's no laughing matter. Plaza, 58th St. E of Madison (355-3320).

Sacco and Vanzetti—A remarkable recreation of time and place, an excellent cast marks this struggle on Italian film about the two anarchists whose murder conviction was an international cause celebre of the twenties. Baronet, 3rd Ave. nr 59th (LE 1-1653).

Shat—Gordon Parks directed this beautifully photographed stylish tough story of a black detective caught in a squeeze between the Mafia and a Harlem racketeer. Richard Roundtree and Moses Gunn head a topnotch cast. Trans-Lux West, Bway nr 97th (RI 9-8046).

Shoot Out—Gregory Peck, Robert F. Lyons, Rita Gem, Susan Tyrrell in a film focusing upon a hard man of the times (southwest U.S. in the frontier period of 1890), who is determined to avenge an old account, no matter what the consequences. RKO 23rd St. Cinema, nr 8th Ave. (AL 5-5600); RKO Coliseum, Bway at 181st (WA 7-7200).

Skin Game—James Garner and Lou Gossett, as a pair of confidence men who roam the pre-Civil War South conning slaves, get off to a great start but ultimately bog down in an attenuated screenplay. Loew's State 11, Bway & 45th (JU 2-5070); Loew's Cine, 3rd Ave. at 86th (427-1332).

Something for Everyone—Angela Lansbury as an old maid as a countess of declining fortune and Michael York is perfection as the young man who comes to her rescue in a deliciously macabre and delightfully sophisticated fable, impeccably directed and exquisitely photographed. Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363).

Sunday Bloody Sunday—Fascinatingly beautiful in technique and performance—by Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch and Murray Head—John Schlesinger's very contemporary and tender film about a triangular affair illuminates the deeper corners of the heart and expands our understanding. Coronet, 3rd Ave. nr 59th St. (EL 5-1663).

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen's comedy in the classic tradition is quintessential Allen, beautifully compact and simply rib-cracking fun. Thru 10/19, Waverly, 8th Ave. at W 3rd (WA 9-8037).

The Boatniks—Walt Disney's properly silly story about the Coast Guard patrol of a busy and busy sea has Robert Moore, Phil Silvers and some funny dialogue to make it more than bearable if you're taking the kiddies. Guild, 33 W 50th (PL 7-2406).

The Boys in the Band—Writer-producer Marc Crowley intensified every quality of his witty, humanistic and beautifully constructed play and, with director William Friedkin, has made a film that is nothing short of brilliant. From 10/20, Waverly, 8th Ave. at W 3rd (WA 9-8037).

The Clowns—Beyond its seemingly simple survey of European clowning, Federico Fellini's beautiful documentary offers a complexity of insights, a dust tonality of fact and fancy, the cooing of document with the warmth and glow of personal affection. A masterpiece for all ages. Fifth Avenue Cinema, at 12th St. (WA 4-4329).

The Conformist—A fascinating period film peralizing the rise and fall of Italian Fascism with Jean-Louis Trintignant excellent as a man so obsessed by a drive to conform that he would become a political assassin. Thru 10/19, Art, 8th St. E of 5th Ave. (GR 3-7014) and 7-7131.

The Debut—Primitive in style, script and performance, this insult to the great tradition of Russian film offers us its heroine starring in a movie-within-the-movie about Joen of Arc amid fleshbacks of her dull romance. Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. nr 57th (PL 7-7131).

The Davis-Alex—port (Aldous Huxley). Writer-director Ken Russell has parverted his work about bewitched nuns in 17th-century France into a pile of cinematic excrement. A fouler film we can't recall. From 10/20, 34th St. East, at 2nd Ave. (SC 1-0255); Thru 10/18, The Corner, 57th St. nr 7th Ave. (246-5123).

The Go-Between—Writer Harold Pinter and director Joseph Losey end a fine cast have made a brilliant film of classic stature from L. P. Hartley's sophisticated and truly romantic story of Edwardian England, about a boy's involvement with a pair of lovers portrayed by Julie Christie and Alan Bates. 68th St. Playhouse, on Third Ave. (RE 4-4033).

The Heiress—Chronicling—This stunningly filmed documentary is an engrossing blend of science and science-fiction ranging from fascinating facts to the hair-raising possibilities inherent in many varieties of insect life. Murray Hill Thru 10/14, 34th St. nr 3rd Ave. (865-7652); from 10/20, Midtown, Bway nr 99th (AC 2-3205) and Art, 8th St. E of 5th Ave. (GR 3-7014) and Gramercy, 23rd St. nr Lexington (GR 5-1660).

The Last Movie—Co-author, director and star Dennis Hopper's second feature is a fiasco of artistic perambles, an allegorical and fantasy following the making of an American western in a primitive Peruvian community. R.K.O. Twins, 59th St. betw 2nd & 3rd Aves. (888-1717).

The Milky Way—Luis Bunuel and Jean-Claude Carrière concern themselves with matters mystical and philosophical. The result is an absorbing film about man's church and God's state, fascinat-

ing in concept, touched with humor and permeated with humanity. 10/20, 21, Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th St (675-0935).

The Omega Men—Non-connosseurs' sci-fi with Charlton Heston as (almost) the last man in the world (Los Angeles) after a gamma warlike holocaust. There are also some mutants and Rosebud Cash as what-else?—the last girl. 10/15-21, Loew's 83rd St, on Bdway (TR 7-3190).

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—A vibrant Anna Magnani enhances Anthony Quinn's performance in the early Italian's early-life version of the Crichton novel with beautiful Italian scenery and hundreds of natives for atmosphere to augment the pleasant and pat plot. Charlton, thru 10/19, Ave 8 at 12th St (GR 5-4210).

The Seven Minutes—This collaboration between novelist Irving Wallace and movie-maker Rusty Mayer proves that the two top slugs-pushers can make even a censorship-and-politics courtroom melodrama dreary. Beacon, Bdway nr 74th (TR 4-1717).

The Struggle—Richard Benjamin is refreshingly adroit as a Welles-Ritchey college professor who flips for the duration of the Cuban missile crisis but things go out of hand and there's nothing fine about the madness by climax time. Thru 10/26, Loew's Tower 5th St & 3rd Ave (GR 7-2333).

The Telephone Book—Sarah Kennedy stars as a girl who falls in love with the world's most persistent obscene phone caller. With Roger C. Carmel, Norman Ross and Barry More. Lincoln Art, 57th St nr 3rd Ave (JU 2-2333); Astor, Bdway at 45th (596-2240).

The Trojan Women—Craetiva cinema is lacking in Michael Cacoyannis' adaptation of the classic tragedy, but the performances of Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Pappas, Katherine Hepburn and Genevieve Bujold are worth seeing. Fine Arts, 58th St nr Lexington (PL 6-5030).

The Touch—Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow have rarely been better but Ingmar Bergman's first English-language film also stars Elliott Gould as a neurotic-laden American archaeologist and their liaisons are undying. Thru 10/19, Waverly, 5th Ave at W 3rd St (WA 9-8037).

Vanishing Point—Speed-vehicular and pill-type—seems to be what this apparent 100-minute movie Challenger commercial is pushing as Barry Newman races from Denver to San Francisco with the cops in hot pursuit. Beacon, Bdway nr 74th (TR 4-1717).

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Dustin Hoffman, Barbara Harris, David Warner and others cannot be faulted, but Harb (A Thousand Souls) Gardner's shrewdly perceptive screenplay about middle-aging comes to a frustrating conclusion. From 10/20, Waverly, 5th Ave & W 3rd St (WA 9-8037).

Excerpted from Judith Crist's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change at drop of a peep; phone ahead.

Anthology Film Archives, 425 Lafayette St, S of Astor (PL 677-3717), 6, 8 and 10 p.m. daily except Mon. \$1 admission. 10/14, 8 p.m. Jean Vigo's *Torres*; James Whitney's *Lapiz*; J & J Whitney's *Film Exercises*. 8 p.m. Eggaling's *Symphonia Diagonale*; Richter's *Rhythmus*; Alfred Scharf's *Shirts*; *Nothing and Touching*. 10 p.m. Film by Michael Sinner '69. 10/15, 6 p.m. Vigo's *Zero for Conduct*; 8 p.m. Werhol's *Eat '63*; Watson and Weber's *The Fall of the House of Usher*. '28. 10/16, 8 p.m. Warhol's *The Chelsea Girls*. '66. 10/17, 6 p.m. Vigo's *L'Atalante*; 8 p.m. Von Stroheim's *Greed*. '24. 10/19-26, retrospective of the films of Jean Epstein.

Art, 8th St E of 5th Ave (GR 3-7014). Thru 10/19, *The Conformist*. From 10/20, *The Hellstrom Chronicle*.

Astor, Bdway at 45th (586-2240). *The Telephone Book*.

Beronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (EL 5-1663). *Sacco and Vanzetti*.

Beacon, Bdway nr 74th (TR 4-1717). *The Seven Minutes*; *Vanishing Point*.

Beakman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). Long Ago tomorrow.

Bklyn Heights I, 70 Henry St, Bklyn (598-7070). Thru 10/19, *Bananas*.

Bklyn Heights II, 70 Henry St, Bklyn (598-7070). Thru 10/19, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*.

Blackier St Cinema, 144 Blackier (OR 4-3210). *School Play*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave nr 57th (PL 7-2131). *The Debut*.

Central Arts, 593 Park Ave, at 64th (PL 8-8327). Wednesday nights at 8. \$1.50. 10/20, *Victim*.

Charles, Ave B at 12th St (GR 5-4210). Thru 10/19, *Bananas*; *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*.

Cine Mailbu, 59th St nr 2nd (759-4630). *Kluge*.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Carnel Knowledge*.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6074). From 10/14, *Is the Mystery of the Organism*.

Cinema Rendezvous, 57th nr 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). *Glen and Ned*.

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). *Kluge*: Something for Everyone.

Cinerama, Bdway at 47th (CO 5-5711). *The Peace*.

Columbie I, 2nd Ave at E 64th (832-1870). *The Last Picture Show*.

Columbie II, 2nd Ave at E 64th (832-1870). From 10/17, *A Safe Place*.

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Sunday Bloody Sunday*.

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU 2-1795). *Let's Scare Jessica to Death*.

68th St E, betw 2nd and 3rd (249-1144). *Night of Dark Shadows*.

Elgin, 8th Ave & 19th St (675-0935) 10/13, 14, Max Ophüls' *Lola Montez*; Philippe D'Arcy's *Carnel Knowledge*; 15-17, Philippe De Broca's *City of Hearts* and *The Man from Rio*; 10/18, 19, Robert Bresson's *Diary of a Country Priest* and *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne*; 10/20, 21, Luis Bunuel's *Beau de Jour* and *The Milky Way*.

Emancipator Y&E-Y&E, 344 E 14th (874-7200). 10/15, 10/16, 8:30, *Metropolis* (12 Fritze Leng). 10/21, 8:30, *The Mask of Fu Manchu* ('32 Boris Karloff).

Embassy, 64th & 7th Ave (PL 7-2408). *Cry Uncle*.

Embassy 72nd St, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *This Must Be the Place*.

Feetivel, 57th St at 5th Ave (LT 1-2323). *Desperate Characters*.

Fifth Ave Cinema, at 12th (WA 4-8339). *The Clowns*.

55th St Playhouse, betw 6th & 7th Ave (JU 8-4500). *Love Yolanda*.

Fine Arts, 58th St nr Lexington (PL 5-5030). *The Killers*.

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lex (GR 5-1660). Thru 10/19, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*. From 10/20, *The Hellstrom Chronicle*.

Greenwich, 12th St at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). 10/21, *Friends*.

Guido, 33 W 50th (PL 7-2408). *Million-Dollar Duck*; *The Boatniks*.

Harbort Lahnman College, Bedford Park, Boulevard West, Bronx (960-8211). 7:15, 10/15, 7:30, *Bride of Frankenstein* and *Wolf Man*.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave nr 84th (249-1806). *The Peace*.

Juliet II, 3rd Ave nr 84th (249-1806). *The Red Tent*.

Kipe Bay, 2nd Ave at 31st (LE 2-6668). *Cry Uncle*.

Lafayette Art, 57th St nr Bdway (JU 2-2333). *The Telephone Book*.

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th Ave (246-5123). Thru 10/16, *The Devils*. From 10/17, *Murmur of the Heart*.

Loew's Cine, 3rd Ave at 86th (427-1332). *Skin Game*.

Loew's 83rd St, on Bdway (TR 7-3190). Thru 10/14, *The Red Tent* 10/15-21, *The Omega Man*.

Loew's Orpheum, 88th nr 3rd (AT 9-4607). *The Hellstrom Chronicle*.

Loew's State I, Bdway & 45th (JU 2-5070). Thru 10/19, *Skin Game*. From 10/20, *T. R. Baskin*.

Loew's State II, Bdway & 45th (JU 2-5070). *The French Connection*.

Loew's Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 72nd (TR 9-1313). 10/26, *The Struggle*.

McBryen Branch YMCA, 215 W 23rd (CH 3-1982). Saturday evening series. \$1.50 each show. 10/18, 8:15, *Charlie Chaplin's Laughing Gas*, *The Vegetables*, *The Floorwalker*; 9:30, *The Mask of Fu Manchu* (Boris Karloff '32); 11:30, *Nosteratu* (Murray).

Midtown, Bdway nr 99th (AC 2-1200). Thru 10/19, *Friends*. From 10/20, *The Hellstrom Chronicles*.

Movie Musicale Theater, 80 St. Marks Pl (254-7400). 10/14-16, *Singin' in the Rain*; *Hollywood Revue of 1929*; 10/17-20, *Strike Up the Band*; *Babes on Broadway*; 10/21-23, *Colleen*; *Reedy, Willing and Able*.

Murray Hill, 3rd Ave at 34th (685-7652). Thru 10/14, *The Hellstrom Chronicle*. From 10/15, *A Tribute to Mary Pickford*, beginning with *My Best Girl* and *Pollyanna*. 10/16, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *They*.

Would Elope. 10/17, *Rebecca* of Sunnybrook Farm and *Pool Little Rich Girl*. 10/18, *Little Annie Rooney*; *What the Daisy Said*; *Won by a Fish*. 10/19, *Taming of the Shrew*; *Birth of a Legend*; *Never Again*. 10/26, *Sparrows*; *Stella Maris*. 10/21, *Daddy Long Legs*; *Pollyanna*; *Remont*.

Museum, 100 Madison Ave, 11 W 53 (659-7078). 10/14, *Stairway to Heaven* '46 (Michael Fowler); *Emric Priest*; *Presbytery*; 5:30, *Brief Encounter* '46 (David Lean); 8, *Stairway to Heaven*. 10/15, 2, 4, 5:30, *Thunder Rock* '42 (Roy Boulting); 10/16, 10/17, 2, 4, 5:30, *Days That Shook the World* '28 (Eisenstein); 3, 5:30, *Kind Hearts and Coronets* '49 (Robert Hemer); 10/17, 2, 4, 5:30, *Henry V* '48 (Laurence Olivier); 1 p.m. *The Lavender Hill Mob* '51 (Charles Crichton); 3:30, *Every Day Except Christmas* '52 (Lindsay Anderson); and *The Running of the Bulls* '59 (Richard Lester); 8 p.m. *Rashomon* '50 (Akira Kurosawa).

10/19, 2 p.m. *Rashomon*; 5:30, *Cineprobe*: An Evening with Andrew Noren's *Kodak Gosh Poems* '67-71. (Noren will be present) not recommended for young audiences. 10/20, noon, *Short British* (1903-04) and *Thursday's Children* '54 (Guy Branin, Lindsay Anderson); 2 and 5:30 p.m. *Thy Man in the White Suit* '52 (Alexander Mackendrick); 10/21, 2 p.m. *I'm All Right Jack* '59 (John Huston); 5:30, *Genevieve* '53 (Henry Cornelius); 8 p.m. *I'm All Right Jack*.

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle (581-2311). \$1 for adults, 50c for students. 4 and 8 p.m. *Wed thru Sun*. Soviet Film Silents, 10/13, 14, 15, *Strike '26*; 10/16, 10/17, 10/18, 10/19, 10/20, 10/21, *BattleShip Potemkin* '25 (Eisenstein). 10/20, 21, *By the Way* '26 (Lew Kulschaw).

Olympia, Bdway at 107th St (865-6128). Thru 10/14, *Splendor in the Grass* '61; *Shock Corridor* '63. 10/15, 16, 17, *Giant* (George Stevens '56). 10/19, 20, *Rock Revival of '64*; *The Young Savages* (J. Frankhamaker '61). From 10/21, *The Gladiators* (Peter Watkins); 1 + 1 (*Sympathy for the Devil*) (Godard).

Paris, 58th Ave & 58th (MU 8-2013). *It Only Happens to Others*.

Piazza, 58th St E of Madison (335-3520). *Millhouse: A White Lie*.

Radio City Music Hall, 5th Ave at 50th (PL 7-3100). *Kotch*. On the Great Stage: *Flat Preview*.

Redlucery, film series at the New School, 68 W 12th, \$1.50 single admission. 10/15, *Fama* '33 (Michael Curtiz); *A Farewell to Arms* '32.

Riviere, Bdway nr 97th (RI 9-8046). Thru 10/19, *Midnight Cowboy*; *Alcazar's Restaurant*.

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *The Stewardesses*.

R.K.O. Coliseum, Bdway at 181st (WA 7-7200). *Shoot Out, Winning*.

R.K.O. 23rd Cinema, nr 8th Ave (AL 5-7050). *Shoot Out, Winning*.

R.K.O. Twining, 59th St betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1177). *The Last Movie*.

Saint Mark's Cinema, 133 2nd Ave (btw St. Marks Pl & 9th St) (475-5501). 10/14, 15, *Castle on the Hudson*; *They Made Me a Criminal*. 10/18-19, *Bonnie & Clyde*; *Bullitt*. 10/19, 20, *Lola*; *Theresa*.

72nd St Playhouse, nr First Ave (BU 8-9304). *Franks*.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd (RE 4-0303). *The Go-Between*.

Sutton, 3rd Ave at 57th St (PL 9-1411). *Rebecca*.

Symphony, Bdway at 95th (AC 2-6600). Thru 10/19, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*; *The Great Bank Robbery*.

Thelia, 95th St & Bdway (AC 2-3370). Thru 10/18, *Grand Hotel*; *Dinner at Eight*. 10/19-21, *The Lady from Shanghai*; *It Happened One Night*. 10/22-27, *David Copperfield*; *Mind and Bill*.

34th St East, at 2nd Ave (JU 2-0255). Thru 10/19, *Death in Venice*. From 10/20, *The Devils*.

Trane-Lux East, 3rd Ave at 58th St (PL 9-2262). *A Young Couple*.

Trane-Lux 85th St, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Friends*.

Trane-Lux West, Bdway at 49th (CO 3-1355). *Shaft*.

Truett Retrospective, at the New School, 66 W 12th (OR 5-2700). Single adm. \$2. 10/15, *Jules* at Jim 61.

Victoria, 125th St nr 7th Ave (UN 4-0500). Thru 10/19, *The Big Doll House*.

Waverly, 6th Ave at W 3rd (WA 9-8037). Thru 10/19, *The Touch*; *Take the Money and Run*. From 10/20, *Who Is Harry Kellerman*; *Boys in the Band*.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave at 75th St (861-5322). New American Filmmakers Series (daily at noon, 2 and 4 p.m. Tue & Wed 10-6 and 8 p.m. Thurs, 10-6). 10/14-15, *Films by Tennessee*. 10/21-27, *Brazilian documentary and interview*.

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A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

PREVUES AND OPENINGS

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18

Unlikely Heroes: 3 Philip Roth Stories—Lou Jacobl and Michael Tole in three one-acters, with David Ackroyd, Rose Arrick, George Bertainelli, Anna Berger, Dori Brenner and Jon Korkas. Previews start tonight prior to a 10/26 opening. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (CI 6-9156).

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19

The Incomparable Max—Richard Kiley and Clive Revill co-star in a play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee about Sir Max Barboomb, English wit, critic, essayist and caricaturist, delving into his trips beyond reality. With Marty Gras, Michael Eng, Constance Carpenter, Rex Thompson, Linda Selman, Claude Horton, Betty Sinclair. Royals, 242 W 45th (CI 5-5760).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20

Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death—All-black musical play by Melvin Van Peebles about black life in the inner city, based on the record albums "Brat Soul" and "Ain't supposed to Die a Natural Death," by Mr. Van Peebles. Directed by Gilbert Moses. With Barbers Alton, Laura Jones, Joe Fields, Minnie Gentry, Albert Hall and Garratt Morris. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th St (CI 8-0390).

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

To Live Another Summer, To Pass Another Summer—Musical show from Israel dealing with the life of the young there. With Shoshana Shen, Rivka Raz, Yona Alari, Aric Lavie. 500 10th Ave. and Hanan Goldblatt. Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 46th (CI 6-6380).

CURRENT

Applause—Anne Baxter, the movie Eve, plays Mergo Channing in the musical of the same name. And Penny Fuller is the what-makes-Sammy-run character. Leland Palmer plays the chorus gypsy. Music & lyrics: Strouse & Adams. Mat, Wed & Sat. Pez Palace, Bkway at 47th (PL 7-2628).

Butterflies Are Free—Comedy-drama by Leonard Garsha, with David Huffman as an extraordinarily cheerful blind youth on his own in New York. Gloria Swanson plays his faisty mother. Evas. Tus thru Sat. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. Bkway, 222 W 45th, nr Bkway (249-5880).

Company—Larry Kart, Jane Russell and Cynthia Harris in a bitter, biting musical comedy about some of your best friends' love lives; directed by Harold Prince. Book: George Furth. Music & Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim. Choreo: Michael Bennett. Mats. Wed & Sat. Alvin, 252 W 52nd, nr Bkway (PL 7-8646).

Fiddler on the Roof—Paul Lipson is the current Tevye and Peg Murray his current loving wife in this musical, which opened 9/22/64. And is now the longest running musical on Bkway. In spite of its age, it's the freshest thing in town. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. Broadway Theater, Bkway at 53rd (CI 7-7992).

Follies—Large and cavernous musical by James Goldman and Stephen Sondheim about two showgirls who marry stage-door Johnnies and have a reunion some 30 years later. With Alexis Smith, Gene Nelson, Dorothy Collins, John McMartin, Yvonne De Carlo, Fili D'Orey, Mary McCarty and the great Ethel Shutte. Winter Garden, 1634 Bkway (CI 5-4878).

Hair—The American tribal love-rock musical that ushered in a new era in the entertainment world. Mats. Wed & Sat. Biltmore, 261 W 47th, off Bkway (SBC-5340).

Jesse—Christ Supercal—A musical based on a best-selling record album, depicting the last seven days in the life of Christ. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Tom

O'Horgan. Mark Hellinger, 51st & Bkway (PL 7-7046).

Lenny—In Julian Barry's play about Lenny Bruce the sheer brilliance of Cliff Gorman's title performance and the slashing exuberance of Tom O'Horgan's direction makes it the most powerful experience on Broadway. Mat, Wed & Sat. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (CI 5-3430).

No, No, Nanette—Revival of Vincent Youmans' classic, with Ruby Kellay, Patsy Kelly, Bobby Van, Jack Gifford, Helen Gallagher. Van and Gallagher are outstanding. Decor by Raoul Pène du Bois. Mats. Wed & Sat. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (CI 5-4971).

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordon's 1970 Pulitzer Prize-winning play, Terry Alexander, stars as an ambivalent young black frustrated in his ambition to become a big-time racketeer. And the hangers-on in his bar are portrayed by Phil Thomas, Julius W. Harris, Mary Alice, Elna Karr, Henry Baker, Ian Sander and Paulette Jones. Morosco, 217 W 45th St (CI 6-6230).

Okl Calcutta—The venerable nude revue, with sketches by Samuel Beckett, Jules Failler, Dan Gargan, John Lennon, Loomis Abell, Kenneth Tynan. Mat, Wed & Sat. Belasco Theater, 111 W 44th (SBC-7950).

Premiere, Promise—Musical adaptation of "The Apartment," starring Gene Rupert, Janny O'Hara, Book, music and lyrics by Neil Simon, Burt Bacharach, Hal David. Handsome, melodious and in its third year. This one has an 8 p.m. curtain. Mats. Wed & Sat. Shubert, 225 W 44th, nr Bkway (246-5864).

SCALPERS' RATES FOR BIGGIES

No No, Nanette \$50 a pair
Sleuth \$40 a pair

This doesn't mean that if you go to the box office before performance time you might not get a turned-in orchestra pair; and balcony seats are occasionally available.

Purtle—Musical version of the Ossie Davis play by Gary Gold and Peter Udell, with Robert Guillaume, Paul Jo, John Hetherington, Closes 1177. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (CI 5-6270).

1776—The Founding Fathers, gathered in Philadelphia to draft the D. of I., furnish the story line for this prize-winning musical by Peter Stone & Sherman Edwards; starring John Cunningham and Jay Garner. Fine entertainment. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. For theater parties, 798-3074. Majestic, 267 W 44 (CI 8-0730).

Sleuth—A Tony Award-winning mystery thriller by Anthony Shaffer starring Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter. Mats. Wed & Sat. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-6580).

Solitaire, Double Solitaire—Two one-act plays by Robert Anderson, about marriage, with no surprises, directed by Arvin Brown. With John Cromwell, Joyce Ewart, Will Fanno, Ruth Nelson, Patricia Pearce, Martha Schlamme, William Sealander and Richard Venture. Mat, Wed, Sat & Sun. John Golden, 252 W 45th (CI 6-6740).

The Me Nobody Knows—Lovely, lively pop rock musical by Will Holt and Gary William Friedman, charming and ingenious. Observed for the best off-Broadway musical. Tues thru Sat evenings. Mats. Wed, Thur and Sat. Longacre, 220 W 46th (CI 6-5839).

The Rothschilds—Handsome, tuneful musical, with Hal Linden, Timothy Jerome, Prairie Dawn, Reid Shelton, Lella Martin. By Sherman Yellan, Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. Directed and choreographed by Michael Kidd. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 8-5555).

OFF AND OFF OFF BROADWAY

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14

Thirty Years Past—Two inter-related plays by Frederick Balla. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30. Sundays at 5. Playbox, 94 St. Marks Pl (SA 4-5108).

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15

A Gun Play—Drama by Yala M. Udoff, set in a restaurant, with a theme of violence. Directed by Gene Frankel. Previews start tonight prior to a 10/24 opening. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17

The Master Builder—Jill O'Hara and Paul Sparster in Jane Faeit's production of Ibsen's powerful and complex classic. Roundabout Theater, 307 W 26, just W of 8th Ave (WA 4-7181).

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18

Dart—Musical burlesque with book and lyrics by Fred Bluth, music by Steven Matcal. With Bonnie Franklin, Jane Connell, Walter Bobbie, Donna Sands, Carol Swerbrick, Gary Gage, James Wilcher. McAlpin Rooftop Theater, 34th and Broadway (239-6668).

In the Time of Harry Harsse—A satiric comedy by Carolyn Rossi, with Warren Pincus in the title role and Rosalind Harris. Previews start tonight prior to a 10/25 opening. Players Theater, 115 Macdougal St (AL 4-5076).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20

Black Terror—N.Y. Shakespeare Festival presents a play by Richard Wesley described as a revolutionary adventure. Directed by Nathan George. Previews start tonight prior to a 10/31 opening. Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-1750).

F. Jasmine Addams—Theresa Merritt, Nava Smail and John Durand in a musical based on the Member of the Wedding, with book by Carson McCullers and music and lyrics by G. Wood. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (GR 3-6778).

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

June Moon—A revival of the Ring Lardner-George S. Kaufman comedy, presented by the Equity Library Theater, thru 10/31. Master Theater, 103rd St and Riverside Drive (663-2026).

Kunquats—"The World's First Erotic Puppet Show," musical revue created and designed by Wey and Flowers; book by Cosmo Feicon with music by Gustavo Motte. Previews start tonight. Village Gate Theater, 160 Bleecker St (GR 5-5120).

CURRENT

And They Put Handcuffs on Flowers—Written and directed by Fernando Arrabal. Wednesdays through Sundays thru 11/21. The Extension, 277 Park Ave. So (no telephone; box office open Wed thru Sun, 5 to 6 p.m.).

Black Girl—Harry Street Settlement's New Federal Theater production by J. E. Franklin, with Louisa Stubbs, Esther Rolle, Barion Wilson, Leonard Park, Sandy McClain, Kishona, Lorata Greene, directed by Sherman Yellan. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Cartoon—A new play by Murray Mednick, directed by Walter Bluth, with Beeson Caroi, Kathleen Cramer and Moe Lafon. Thursday thru Sunday evenings at 8:30, thru 11/9. Theater Genesis, 38 Merck's Church, 2nd Ave & 10th St (Cell 533-4650 for reservations). Free.

Chinese Theater—In Mandarin. *The Heirloom*, an ancient tragedy, given by the Four Seas Amateur Players celebrating Double Ten and Moon Festival. Program commencing in English, 10/16 at 8 p.m. and 10/17 at 4 p.m. St. Pece College, 41 Park Row (WO 2-5157).

Double Bill—April by John Wolfson and The Team by Stuart Odeger, directed by Viktor Allen and Gladys Farow. Fridays, 10/15, 18, 17, 18. Omni Theater Club, 145 W 18th (661-0599).

El Si de los Ines (When a Girl Says Yes)—Moratin's play. Thurs thru Sat. The bilingual casts do the play in English one night and then Spanish the next. The Mews, 141 W 13th St (CH 3-6800 or 989-0630).

Erotic Tale of a Tall Girl—New play by Frank Spiering, about a me trapped in a destroyed

city, directed by Russell L. Troy. 10/14-17, 10/21-24, all at 7 p.m. St. Clement's Space, 423 W 46th betw 9th & 10th Aves (CI 6-7277).

EVERYMAN and roach—An epic rock opera by Geraldine Fitzgerald and Brother Jonethen OSF with musical direction by the opera's 19-year-old composer John Orlando and choreography by Elizabeth Kean. Thru 11/4, Ethical Culture, 2 W 64 St (BU 4-8518).

Friends and Relations—Two one-act comedies by Eugene Yarni, starring Grayson Hall and Madeleine Sherwood, directed by Tom Millett. Tues-Fri, 7:30. Sat 7:30 & 10:30. Sun 3 & 7:30. Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St (477-4410).

Godspell—A delightful frolicsome rock musical loosely based on the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Music by Steve Schwartz. With Bonnie Menzies, Gilmer McCormick, Herb Simon, Lamar Alford. Promenade Theater, Broadway at 78th (798-7890).

Great Catherine—George Bernard Shaw's play, performed Fri, Sat and Sun, thru 11/7, at 8:30. Westside Actors Theater, 252 W 81st (874-9400).

Hudson Guild Repertory—10/14, *A Sweeney Named Desire*, 10/15 *Look Back in Anger*, 10/16, *No Exit*, \$1.50 admission, curtain 7:30. Theater, 441 W 26th St (524-6700 for reservations).

Jacques Breil is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—In its fourth year, with Betty Rhodes, Stan Porter, John Attie, Alleen Fitzpatrick, Henriette Velor, Howard Ross, Jack Blackton and Barbara Gutterman who offer Breil's incredibly emotional songs with appropriate polish. Mats. Sat & Sun. Village Gate, 180 Bleecker (982-5020).

Leaves of Grass—A musical adapted by Stan Harte, Jr., from Walt Whitman's work. With Joe Mariel, Yolande Beven, Scott Jarvis and Lynn Gerb. Theater Four, 424 W 56th (246-5545).

Lib Comed High—Comedy by Joan T. Nourse, directed by Jerry N. Evans. Mats. Sat & Sun. Blackfriars Theater, 320 W 57th St (247-0236).

Marat/Sade—The persecution and assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as performed by the inmates of the asylum of Charenton under the direction of the Marquis de Sade, by Peter Weiss; and Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. In repertory. Performances Thurs, Fri and Sat at 8, Sun at 3, for a limited run. CSC Repertory Theater, 89 W 3rd St (477-5770; 473-9117).

Margaret Fleming—A play by James A. Herne, directed by Ellis Santone. Thursdays thru Sundays, 10/14-17, 21-24. American Theater Company, 106 E 14th St (989-0023).

New Repertory Company—Aethe Christie's *The Mousetrap* plays 10/15, 17, 24; 11/12, 21, 27. Friedrich Durrenmatt's *The Visit*, plays 10/16, 22, 23; 11/7, 13, 19, 26. New Theater, 236 E 47th St, nr 2nd Ave (SU 7-5400).

Not Time's Fool—An evening of classic-to-modern theater, tracing the history of Romantic Love, starring Jerome Martin and Kathleen Huber, 10/13, 19, 20, 26 and 27 at 6 p.m. Theater 23, E 20th St betw Bway and Park Ave So (436-1644).

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel about inmates in a strange asylum with Lene Smith, Janet Ward, William Burns, Kelly Moneghen and Arthur Benwick. Mat Sun, at 3 p.m. Mercer-Hansberry Theater, 240 Mercer St (673-3937).

Play Strindberg—Return of Friedrich Durrenmatt's comedy of last season about a bourgeois marriage tragedy. With Robert Symonds, Priscille Pointer and Ray Fry. Thru 10/23, Forum, Lincoln Center, 150 W 65th (EN 2-7616).

Praxinos—A collective title (the Greek word for "reflection") for three theater pieces written, designed and directed by Theo Barnea. 10/15, 16, 17, 18, 22, 23, 24, 25. Theater for the New City, 151 Bklyn St (Westbeth). Call 691-2220 for reservations and information.

Proposition—Six attractive youngsters from up Boston way improvise (to audience suggestions) some of the wittiest and most charming material in town, abetted by a kid at the piano for whom only "genius" will suffice. Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St (673-3937).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—N.Y. Shakespeare Festival presents a play by David Rabe about a soldier seeking identification within the Army System. With William Alton, Joseph Fields, Eri Hindman. Sat & Sun Mat at Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-8350).

The Eagle with Two Heads—Jean Cocteau's mystery drama, based on the real-life tragedy of Elizabeth of Austria. With Jere Jacob, Gene Gelusha, Millic Fields and Seamus O'Brien. Eve Adamson directs. Jean Cocteau Theater, 43 Bond St, East Village (673-9006). (Opened 10/14, postponed from 10/7)



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The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the Moon

Merigolds—Joan Blondell, Swizzle Kurtz, Jennifer Herman, Judith Lowy and Marietta Lutz in Pulitzer Prize-winner Paul Zindel's trenchant drama, now in its second year, about a widow and her strange daughters. Mat. Sun. New Theater, 154 E 54th (PL 2-0440).

The Enchanted—Revival of the Jean Giraudoux play, directed by Martin L. Raymer, starring Patti Gaul and Jeffrey Horowitz. Fri, Sat. and Sun 10/17, at 8 p.m. WPA Theater, 333 Bowery, betw 2nd & 3rd Sts (226-0900 or 473-9345).

The Fantasticks—Whimsical musical with a pleasant score, based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Mat. Sun. Sullivan St Playhouse, at Bleeker (OR 4-3838).

The Fantasticks—Whimsical musical with a pleasant score, based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Mat. Sun. Sullivan St Playhouse, at Bleeker (OR 4-3838).

The House of Blue Leaves—Ralph Meeker, Peggy Pope, and Katherine Helmond in a black comedy by John Guara about a zoo attendant who dreams of fleeing family life and settling in Hollywood with his infamously. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th (533-0901).

The Irresistible Rise of Arturi U—Bertolt Brecht's satire on Hitler and the Third Reich, adapted by George Tabori. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays thru 10/31, at 7:30. Drama Tree Studio, 182 Fifth Ave. at 23rd St (AL 5-6353).

The James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theater—Full attendance-participation offering of the Company Theater of Los Angeles, which begins with the ticket-buyer being welcomed into the First Area by the actors who serve him tea and recite poetry to subdued lights and soft music, then led (on a one-to-one basis) thru a darkened maze during which he may be snuggled up to, caressed and kissed (Editor's note: This is not a promise, merely a threat and finally escorted to the actual performance, in which he is encouraged to participate. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 5th Ave. at 86th (EN 9-5110).

The King Is Dead—Eugene Ionesco's play, directed by Edward Charles Berkeley. 10/15-16, 22-23 at 10 p.m. The Shady Company, 230 Canal St (431-3478 or 864-5472 for reservations).

The Teming of the Shrew—Shakespeare's comedy, directed by Dorothy Fendley. 10/14, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30; 11/4, 5, 6, at 7:30 p.m. Stagelights 20, 125 W 22nd St (989-9226).

20th Century Tar—Play by Tom Sydorick that explores the dramatic relationships of an encounter group. 10/19-16, The Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Where Has Tommy Flowers Gone?—Tennessee McNally's play about the adventures of a 30-year-old street person, starring Robert Drives, with Kathleen Debnay, Tom Gorman, F. Murray Abraham, Marion Peona and Barbara Worthington. Eastside Playhouse, 334 E 74th (UN 1-2268).

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Caté Caryl—Madison Ave at 76th. Bobby Short is here, and with him Beverly Sills and Dick Sheridan. Tues thru Sat (RH 4-1600).

Caté Pierre—5th Ave at 81st. A warm, informal room in roe, with French tendencies, French cuisine, and dancing every evening from 7:30 p.m. till closing: Tues thru Sat, the Herb Winberg Trio; Sun and Mon, the Phil Wayne Trio (838-8000).

Chateau Madrid—Lexington at 48th. Most sophisticated and elegant of the Latin spots with south-of-the-border entertainment. Singer Celine Cruz is the headliner, along with Le Zembre Flamenco group (PL 2-9000).

Copacabana—10 E 60th at Fifth. Food, dancing, local and visiting firemen, never a cover. Thru 10/20, singer Dionne Warwick, with comic Lonnie Sher, 1021-11/3, Jack Jones, and his comic relief is Dick Lord (PL 8-1090).

Dangerfields—1118 First betw 61st & 62nd St. Comedian Rodney Dangerfield owns the joint and is usually on hand. Atmosphere is intimate (couches instead of chairs) (593-1650).

Downtown at the Uptown—37 W 50th. Bette Midler, the "different" singer, is making her home here now, concentrating on numbers from the 1930s and 1940s, but not exclusively (JU 2-1244).

Empire Room—Weidort-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue. Singer Shirley Bassey headlines, doing two shows each evening, except Sun at 8:30 and 11:30. Continuous dancing to two orchestras (353-3000).

Hippopotamus—154 E 54 at Third. Extremely good food served from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. Discotheque 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. Out-cub on Sunday. And the dancer. English Club. (Better make reservations (466-1565).

La Belle—5th Ave & 55th. Prix Fixe menus from five countries. Mon thru Sat. Violinist Hans (Hansen and pianist enter during dinner, supper and after-theater dining (PL 3-4500).

La Chansonnette—620 Second, betw 47th & 48th A at 61st in N.Y., with dining, dancing and a show starring Rita Dimitri and Stanley Brillant, save on Sunday (PL 2-7320).

La Ferdi—The Piera, 5th Ave at 51st. Jason Priests conducts the Peter Duchin orchestra at this pleasant supper club and eternities with a rock group for continuous dancing from 8:30 to 2:30 a.m. Tues thru Sat (858-8000).

Marmey—1234 Second Ave at 64th. Mary McCarty presides Tues thru Sat after her "Follies" performance. There's a downstairs bar and grill, and an upstairs supper club with dancing and entertainment (928-3110).

Perian Room—Fifth Ave at 59th. Frankie Laine is the headliner. Music for dancing by Burt Ferber and his orchestra; then by Mark Monte and his Continentals. Closed Sundays (PL 9-3000).

Place 9—9th Ave betw 58th and 59th. Last time was Pizze 9 and All That Jazz. Now it's a cabaret theater featuring "Look Me Up." a revue with song hits of the 1920's (PL 9-3000).

Rainbow Grill—30 Rockefeller Plaza. Mind-bending views of the city and tapestries by Picasso. Thru 10/23, it's Guy Lombardo. Open Mon thru Sat (PL 7-8970).

Rainbow Room—30 Rockefeller Plaza. On the 65th floor, great ceilings, immense windows, glittering chandeliers and startling views. More formal than the Grill (but the Grill has the talent). Tony Cabot and his orchestra play (757-9090).

Roma Di Notte—137 E 55th, nr Lexington. Handsome place, marble dance floor, togged musicians, statues, paintings, with a Grotto di Bacchus and private club. Call if you want them. The Phil Alonzo Trio for dancing and Dino Palermo for singing (832-1128).

Royal Box—7th Ave & 52nd. Thru 10/16, Laine Kazan. Showtimes are 8 and midnight, except for Sunday when the Box is closed (LT 1-1000).

St. Regis Room—5th Ave & 55th St. George Barnes and Buddy Pizzarello, lyrical guitar duo, assisted by vocalist Peter Dean here nightly save Sunday (PL 3-4500).

The Apartment—1068 Second Avenue. They've had a vacation and feel much better with a new look and a new show featuring new talent (PL 3-7923).

The Duplex/Uptown—55 Grove St. W of 7th Ave. off Sheridan Sq. Shows nightly except Monday. Thru 10/16, Louie St. Louis, Donny Brooke Alderson, Bill Weeden and David Finkle (243-9855 or 924-9634).

The Maisonette—5th Ave & 55th St. Thru 10/16, song stylist Mel Torme; 10/18-30, Errol Goren. George Cort and his orchestra at the podium for dancing. Dinner and two shows nightly. Closed Sundays (PL 3-4500).

Jimmy Weston's—131 E 54th nr Lexington. A comfortable supper club featuring the musical sound of Bobby Gosh and his trio, and pianist-singer Tom Furtado. Open 7 days a week (353-3640).

JAZZ—ROCK

FOR JAZZ EVENTS IN THE NEW YORK AREA
CALL 771-3244 ANYTIME

Apollon—253 W 125th St. The veduville scene up-town. Thru 10/19, The Temptations, and The Swiss Movement. The Obertons, with Dave McRee's Orchestra (749-1802).

Boomer's—340 Bleeker St. Live jazz nightly from 9:30 to 3 a.m. Thru-Sun, the Bobby Timmins Trio. Soul food specialties and a village-y comfortable atmosphere (243-0245).

Bredley's—70 University Pl. Dining, drinking and listening to jazz in the heart of the Village (226-6440).

Brendy's—11-154 York Ave, betw 83rd & 84th. Club features instrumental groups that are heavy on vocals. Thru 11/20, The Farquhar (861-3902).

Cafe London—550 W 23rd St betw 8th & 9th Aves. Jazz night. Live jazz with Jay Chasin and Trio. Guest artists visit occasionally. Jam session Sun nights. No cover, no minimum (255-9769).

Geistalt on Go—652-152 Bleeker. It's singer Johnny Rivers here now. 10/20-24, England Dan and John Ford Coley. No hard drinks. Tuesday's for visiting talent (274-5500).

Gaslight—11-116 MacDougal. Continuous entertainment specializing in swinging, singing, stomping and folk guitar (260-0380).

Guitar—753 10th Ave. at 51st. Best guitar-listening in the city from Wed thru Sun. Now it's the Jim Hall-Ron Carter duo. Soul food on hand (285-9334).

Half-Note—289 Hudson at Spring. Even if there were more good jazz rooms in town, this would have to be one of the best; high-class talent on hand, and the Clark Terry Band holds forth every Monday (AL 5-9752).

Jacques—Bleecker at Sullivan. Here's the way it is: Pianist Eddie Thompson on Sun, Tues, Wed, Thurs, and with bassist Dr. Lyn Christie Fri and Sat; On Mon, it's pianist Lenca Heywerd (254-5920).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54 at 7th. Dixieland music by Roy Eldridge, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Bobby Pratt and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays (CO 5-9505).

Lorelei—233 E 86th, betw 2nd & 3rd. Erstwhile German cafe has switched to a jazz-rock policy with a new group playing every two weeks from Wed thru Sun. Drummer Shelly Horn with the Dick Conte Orchestra. A large dance floor's here (722-9926).

Music Box—121 W 3rd St. The Southampton Dixie, Racing and Clembake Society Jazz Band on Fri nights; Bobby Gordon and his clarinet on Wed & Sat with Jimmy Andrews, Franklin Shear and Mike Burgevin. Tues, Graham Stewart Dixielanders. Sun, Cinnamon Joe Ashworth (677-9705).

Refik's—170 Ave A. Thurs thru Sat, 9:30 to 2 a.m., The Sunny Henry Trio. Sun, Mon, Tues, 9:30 to 2 a.m. It's the Roy Heines Trio. Also edibles (477-9532 or 674-9922).

Sanders—242 E 3rd St, betw Ave B & C. 10/12-17, the Pheros Sanders Quintet. Jazz nightly 9 to 4 a.m. Closed Mon (677-9727).

The Cellar—70 W 95th. The Earl May Quartet from 10 except Sun and Mon when it's the Charlie Williams trio jams from 9. Continental cuisine also until 1 a.m. (666-1200).

The Bitter End—147 Bleecker. One of the last of the great coffee houses. Neil Sedaka's the present attraction, and for special treat 10/20-25, William "Oliver" (Good Morning Starshine) Swafford. Tuesdays there are visiting musicians (475-7804).

The Cookery—8th St & University Pl. The menu's fine, and if you don't like hard drinks you can have an ice-cream soda. Anita Shar is the attraction thru 11/11. And Cyril Hayes, a poet of the jazz piano appears each Sunday from 7 to midnight (OR 4-4150).

The Noodle's Eye—7 Ninth Ave (Genevoort St & 12th St). Jazz, plenty of pecking space and substantial food (234-9297).

Third Phase—111th St, corner Bdwy. Looks like a big plastic cave, has good Italian food and "name" performers, and the house-band is called Amazing Greece and is led by Ronnie Baker (749-9520).

Truda Haller—416 58th Ave n 9th St. A swinging jazz-oriented Village frugery. Closed Mondays (AL 4-8346).

Village Gate—Bleecker at Thompson. Continuous music and dancing except on Monday when talent shows hold forth. Now there's the Bill Evans Trio (GR 5-5120).

Village Vanguard—Seventh Ave So at 11th. Thru 10/14, the Chick Corea Quartet. 10/15-17, Alice Quatrone and her company. Mondays it's the Trio Jones and Mel Lewis 17-piece band (AL 5-4037).

West Bondock—114 Tenth Ave, cor 17th. Mon, Tues, Wed, Net Joness on piano; Herman Wright on bass. Thurs-Sun, Lenca Hayward on piano, and Ceri Purl on bass. Soft atmosphere, seawest floors, amber lights, "boss" soul food (929-9645).

Your Father's Mustache—7th Ave S at 10th. 77 performances in an informal setting, and on Sunday afternoons, concerts by a jazz sextet known as Beleben and Cete (OR 5-4830).

PIANO ROOMS

Argentine Tabla—1065 First Ave. at 58th. This is the old Ramon's, under new ownership, and beautifully decorated. Pianist Ronny Whyte has returned from a successful engagement in Paris (we heard him there) and is on hand nightly for your pleasure (PL 4-8744).

Cafe Bar—Sherry Netherlands, Fifth Ave & 59th St. Atmosphere, plus Tony Gordy at the piano from 5:30 to 12:30 every Sun & Mon (EL 5-2800).

Drake Room—71 E 56 at Madison. Smart, conservative, properly ill, luxurious, and Dick Henkinson's at the piano (HA 1-9800).

Granadier—863 First Ave. at the U.N. Plaza. Lunch, cocktails, dinner and supper. Plus singer Richard Shadrui at the piano from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. (PL 3-2960).

Italian Steak House—74th St at 3rd Ave. North Italian cuisine in an attractive setting, with Tony Terini at the piano (535-3416).

Johnny Angel's—232 E 58th. Wayne Sanders, late of Goldie's, plays for his (and the customers') supper Monday thru Saturday evenings from 5 p.m. on. Closed Sundays (758-5665).

Little Tabla in the Corner—237 Madison Ave. at 37th. Celler club with every table in a corner of its own, which is not easy; dark and congenial. Bubbar Johnson and Henk Crystal produce the piano-work Monday thru Saturday (665-7160).

Monsieur—61 E 55th. Has reopened with the ubiquitous and talented Lynn Richards, and when she is idling there are strolling musicians. Closed on Sundays (EL 5-2070).

Pink Poodle—127 E 47 nr Lex. Trevis Washington plays (for the ninth year) and sings too (PL 3-7531).

Proof of the Pudding—54th at First. Famous for their luncheon and dinner seducers. Guitarist Mirko entertains in the Mirror-Mirror Room (421-5440).

Rambrandt Room—The Stenoph, Fifth Ave at 61st. George Feyer at the piano in his own relaxed and intimate style, Tues thru Saturday, 8:30 to 1:30 a.m. (288-5600).

Sidrah—88th at First. The piano master, Bill Haley, knows every tune worth hearing (Wed thru Sat). Jessie Alcoa's songs of love 'n' things (Sun & Tues). Fine food at moderate prices until 1 a.m. (722-6161 or 348-8954).

The Revved Sleeve—79th St at Third. A cute, intimate place, the personification of our city's "new pub." The piano creates a nice mood, so does the food (628-8814).

DINING PLUS

Ale's—13 E 12th, nr 5th Ave. Legendary opera cafe is in its 40th year. Everybody sings, doormen, chefs, bartenders, customers, waiting fireman (AL 5-9055).

Buffalo Bill's—314 E 70th. Dacor is dedicated to the glorification of the American Indian, and entertainment for dinner patrons consists of any of 40 silent film classics (737-3747).

Cafe Pierre—5th Ave at 61st. From 7:30, dancing every single night, to the music of the Harb Winner Trio or the Phil Wayne Trio, and of course open 7 days a week from noon for lunching, cocktails, dining and supping (838-8000).

Casino-on-the-Park—Essex House, 59th St nr 7th Ave. There's a fine view of Central Park, and for Sunday brunch there is a glorious Lucullan buffet designed to bring tears to the eyes of gourmets and dietetic ails and it's unbelavably reasonable (like \$4.50) (243-0300).

Dionysos—304 E 48th nr Second. A pretty restaurant—one of those split-level jobs with sparkling white decor, ruby-red accents, antique wogen rugs. Greek music and dancing, nectar and ambrosia. Nice Antonious sings (758-8240).

Hideways—32 W 37th. Supper club featuring a continental menu with music for dancing by the Trio Romantico, and songs in nine languages by Joanna Melvic. Closed Sunday (WI 7-5840).

Iperbole—137 E 55th St, nr Lexington. Beautifully decorated restaurant in mauve and blue and hidden lighting, with classic Italian food, and singing guitarist Dino Palermo on hand. Luncheon, Mon thru Fri, open every night for dinner (758-9722).

Jager House—65th St & Lexington. Charming Old World atmosphere with a touch of Vienna. Walter Stefford at the piano nightly (RH 4-3820).

Joe's Pter 52—144 W 52. An immense aquarium with lovely fish to look at and eat (38 varieties). There are the Wharf Rooms, East and West, the Marine Room, The Captain's Table. The Showboat Bar spotlights singer-pianist Romaine Brown and singer-guitarist Don Mimmo (245-8652).

Les Champs—25 E 40th nr Madison. Lots of candlelit continental food and strolling musicians headed by violinist Harold Sandier. If you live in the metropolitan Manhattan area and call ahead, s' timousine will pick you up and bring you to dinner—for free (LE 2-6566).

Mamma Leone's—233 W 48 nr 8th Ave. No other such abundant board exists. Paintings, statues, old world ambience, endless menu with gorgeous hors d'oeuvre, a memorable zabaglione, fine wines and wandering musicians (LU 6-6151).

Max's Kansas City—213 Park Ave So nr 17th St. Still a favorite eating and drinking place for the art world. Entertainment and dancing nightly from 11:30 on. Thru 10/17, it's the Sidewinders (777-7870).



The Shetland sweater re-activated with a spirited jacquard pattern. Pringle does it expressly for us in this up-dated version. Navy, wine or brown with cream design, 27.50; sleeveless model, 22.50. Men's Store, Street Floor, New York, all stores.

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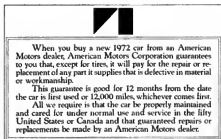
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cept for gas, oil and oil filters, you shouldn't have to pay for anything the first year you own one of our '72's.

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Ponia's—Desbrosses & West Sts. Feast on classic Italian cuisine and enormous lobsters at this rapidly expanding downtown spot. Leave your car and a man will drive you to the theater after dinner. Strolling troubadour, of course (CA 6-4621).

Pyewacket—334 E 73rd, betw 1st and 2nd Ave. The decor is mysterious and lovely, the cuisine excellent and the prices unbelievably reasonable. A pianist tells you your future (288-1835).

Rehearsal—5th Ave at 34th, Thru 10/30, Tommy Mercer Orchestra, and Gellippe. Limited menu and unlimited dancing (PL 9-2444).

Sacred Cow—228 W 72 nr Bkwy. Excellent steaks and seafood and it's moments away from Lincoln Center. Don Tabor at the piano (724-9954).

Spindletop—254 W 47th. Located in the heart of the theater district, this fits for before or after the play. Noted for exceptional steaks. Strolling guitarist on hand (CI 5-7326).

Stak & Brew—68th St & Bkwy. Across the way from Philharmonic Hall and the food is moderately priced. Nightly except Mon from 8 p.m. there's the John Scully Duo (799-6788).

Taverna in the Town House—106 E 38th. Glenn Taylor, a guitarist-singer, is on hand, and good continental food, as well as reasonable prices, make this an all-around favorite midtown spot. (LE 2-8727).

The Wine Cellar—531 Hudson St, nr 10th St. Spill levees, wood and brick decor, specializes in assorted fondue, casual village types, strolling guitar (242-6769).

Top of the Gate—Bleecker at Thompson. Restaurant and jazz lounge. 10/19-11/7, Ahmad Jamal Trio. Mon for guest talent (GR 5-5120).

VIP—120 Madison Ave, five floors up in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts building. Italian menu, open for lunch, dinner and supper. Music by the VIP Continental and Dino Economos sing in all languages. Closed Sun (MU 4-8030).

DISCOTHEQUES

C'est Moi—Corner of 64th and 2nd Ave. Rick's place it's not, but its archways and black-and-white decor suggest Casablanca closely enough for one to expect Paul Henreid to show up and sing the Marseillaise. For couples (935-1418).

Chester—310 W 4th, nr Bkwy. Enormous multi-level club with four rooms and wild lighting effects. (582-2970).

Directoire—168 E 48 nr Lex. It is hard to see how this could have made Bonaparte possible, but the selection of records is good, and continuous, from ten till dawn. Closed Sun & Mon (758-9570).

Grapes—80th St and 3rd Ave. Fruits and cheeses and wines, garnishing salads and yogurt. Dancing from 8 p.m. (752-0980).

L'Oubliette—2 W 55th. Come and forget your troubles in this Soul French discotheque. The decor is medieval and lovely, the music nostalgic (265-1595).

Nico's—Dalmonico's, Park Ave & 59th St. Live jazz of Chico Hamilton and the Players alternate with dance rhythms on disc. Dinner to 9; supper thru the small hours (EL 5-2500).

Children

City Center Children's Theater—Downstairs at City Center, 151 W. 55th St. Opens for the season 10/20. Children are the audience and they also perform (if they like) 7-9 years, Saturdays, 10 to 11:30 a.m. 10 to 12 years, Thursdays, 10 a.m. to 12:30; Saturdays, 10 to 3:30 p.m. 13 to 15 years, Wednesdays, 10 to 12:30; Sundays 1 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. For sing'le and group rate information and reservations call 586-3325.

Famous Playhouse—601 Long Beach Rd, Oceanside, L.I. Fray kiddie shows, including marionettes, clowns, puppets, magicians and folk-song groups, every Sat & Sun at 1:30, 10/16, The Glenn Puppets present The Emperor's New Clothes. 10/17, The Bartercolt present Folk Songs for Children (516 RO 6-2845).

Funtzpopple—Little Show—St Marks, 133 Second Ave. Every Sat & Sun, at 1 p.m. \$1 and \$1.50. Special attention to birthday parties (533-0610).

Hensel and Gratel—Every Saturday and Sunday, starting 10/16, at 1:30 p.m. \$1.50, and reservations are a must. Courtyard Playhouse, 137A W 14th (765-9540).

Little Red Riding Hood—Every Saturday end Sunday at 3 p.m. \$1.50, reservations are a must. Courtyard Playhouse, 137A W 14th (765-9540).

Mari Mini Players—"Bahalf of the Laugh," a children's rock musical, 10/16, 23, 30 at 2:30. Children and adults \$2. Reservations 280-4863. Universalist Church Theater, 4 W 76th, off CPW.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—5th at 82nd St. The Junior Museum with its own exhibitions, galleries and reference library, studio, snack bar, daily. **Moody Puppet**—E. Manh School Bldg, 233 E 18. Audiences must, play instrument, and help design a Moody. Ages 3 to 8. Sun 2 p.m. \$1.50. Reservations a must. A Moody kit to each child (677-6216 or GR 5-8671).

Mother Goose A Go-Go—The Prince Street Players with a new musical, 10/17 at 2 p.m. \$1.75. Y.M.W.H.A., Lexington Ave and 92nd St (427-6000, ext. 720).

Mugwump—Original children's theater production with music on an ecological theme, 10/18 and 17 to 12 and 3 p.m. \$1.00, suggested age 3 and 12. Riverside Church, 490 Riverside Drive (749-7000, Ex. 124).

Muse—1530 Bedford Ave, Bklyn. Artifacts from the Weeksville community which in the 19th century flourished in part of what is now Bedford-Stuyvesant, on exhibit through September at Muse. Thru October, Saturdays, at 3:30, Tues, see and touch; Thurs, science programs; Fri, live animal programs. Muse planetarium shows, Sat, 11 a.m. & 2:30 p.m. Sun, 1:30, 2:30 and 3:30. Muse Aurora Liquid Light (774-2900).

Paul Bunyan—A musical tale for children of all ages, by Verma Tonnason, 10/16, 17, 23, 24 at 2 p.m. (except 10/15 when 11 a.m.). Admission \$1. Allred White Community Center, 28 Willis Pl, Brooklyn Heights, Bklyn (824-2468 for information and reservations).

Peggy Bridge Marionette—346 E 69th. Saturdays and Sundays (except the first Sunday of each month) and holidays at 2 p.m. "Puss in Boots," and Leroy the Magician. \$1. Extra show 10/25 at 2 p.m. (CA 2-3831).

Pinochio—Traveling Playhouse presents a musical comedy, 10/25 at 2 p.m., \$1.75. Y.M.W.H.A., Lexington Ave at 92nd St (427-6000).

Please Touch—Museum of the City of New York, 5th Ave, 103rd to 104th Sts. Reconstruction of a 17th century Dutch home, furnished with antique objects. Every Saturday at 2:40 p.m. \$1. (534-1672).

Prospect Park Zoo—Flatbush Ave and Empire Blvd, Bklyn. Seals and lions and elephants and monkeys, a wombat, a moth-eaten hyena and loads of bears, all sizes and colors. Always free.

Puppet Theater—Auditorium of the City of New York, 5th Ave, 103rd to 104th Sts. 10/16, The Adventures of Kit Fox and Willard Squirrel's Birthday Party. 1:30 in the auditorium. \$1.50. Children under 5 not admitted (534-1672).

The Madeline—Dance Orchestra Guild's performances. \$1.50 for children, \$2 for adults 10/18, The Magical Red Fern, 10/17, 2:30 p.m., Bravo, the Clown. The Mask, 125 Fifth Avenue (for reservations OR 3-0291).

Turnabout—Saturdays at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 336 W 20th St. 2 to 3 p.m. ages 3 to 5. 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. ages 6 to 10. During October, What's On My Feet? \$1.50. Wear playclothes. (YU 2-7360).

Concerts

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15

The Bulgarian Children's Chorus, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30.

New York Philharmonic, Philharmonic Hall, 2. Conductor: Michael Gielen; soloists: Rati Gristhorpe; Ken Ramo, tenor; Strauss: Matrimorphose; Nonno: "On the Bridge of Hiroshima"; Berg: "Lulu" Suite.

Alan Mandel, pianist, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

Ethel Casey, soprano, Alice Tully Hall, 8:30. Accompanied by Janet Southwick, pianist. Recital of premieres by Webern and Ethel Casey.

Maynard Ferguson and Orchestra, Town Hall, 8:30.

Kennedy Center and Friends, Kennedy Center, Lincoln Center Library-Museum Auditorium, 8:30.

Rock & Roll Revival, Madison Square Garden, 8.

Chambers Brothers/Leon Thomas/Jesse Frederick, Beacon Theater, Bkwy at 74, 533-1574, 8 and 11.

Manhattan Orchestra, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont, RI 9-2802, 8.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16

New York Philharmonic, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Repeating Friday's program.

Yehoram Green, Israeli singer, Carnegie Hall, 8.

Students of Heinrich Lufg Dell'Orefice, Carnegie Recital Hall, 6. Vocal recital.

The Conventus Muscularis of Vienna, Alice Tully Hall, 8:30. Director: Nikolaus Harnoncourt. All-Bach.
Rita Raymond, pianist and **Stanley Hoffman**, violinist, Lincoln Center Library-Museum Auditorium, 2:30.
Jerry Jaff Walker, folksinger, Town Hall, 8:30.
Composers' Forum, Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W 53, 790-6463, 8:30. Works by Ulf Grahm and Meiko Shinozaki.
The Bergeretok, singing family, Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastman Pkwy, 638-5000, 3 (free).
Taj Mahal and Jackson Brown, Tully Hall, 8.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82, 679-5500, 8.
Fernando Valenti, harpsichordist, Hunter College Playhouse, 8.
Chambers Brothers/Leon Thomas/Jesse Frederick, Bascom Theater, Bdwy at 74, 533-1574, 8 and 11.
Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano and **George Silek**, pianist, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont, RI 9-2802, 8.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17

American Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 2:30. Conductor: Leopold Stokowski; soloist: Jorge Bolet, pianist. Rimsky-Korsakov, Prokofiev, Brahms.
E. Arthur Middleton, pianist/composer, Carnegie Recital Hall, 2. Piano recital and jazz lecture.
Maria Elena Guinez, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, 5:30.
Thomas Mumford, singer, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8:30.
Marilyn Vondra, soprano, Alice Tully Hall, 3.
Bianca Uribe, pianist, Alice Tully Hall, 7:30.
Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82, 679-5500, 7:30. Repeating Saturday's program.
New Cleveland Quartet, Hunter College Playhouse, 2:15. Brahms, Bartok, Beethoven.
The Holy Modal Rounders, McBurney YMCA, 215 W 23, 343-9575, 8:30. Also appearing, John and Christina Townlay, folksingers.
John Williams and James Moore, countertenors, Church of the Transfiguration, 1 E 29, MU 4-8770, 4 (free). Handel, Pärt, Buxtehude, Blow.
Calvin Hampton, organist, Calvary Church, Park Ave S at 21, GR 5-1215, 4 (free). Couperin and Dupre.
Fredric Kurzweil Memorial Concert, Queensborough Community College Theater, 56th Ave and Springfield Blvd, Bayside, 631-6410, 3.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18

New York Philharmonic, Philharmonic Hall, 7:30. Repeating Friday's program.
A Renaissance of Late Songs, with Anna Peret, mezzo-soprano, and Rodrigo da Zayas, luteist, Alice Tully Hall, 8:30. Songs and instrumental solos of the Spanish Renaissance.
David Amram, lecture/concert, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82, TR 9-5500, 8.
"Synesthesia", multimedia performance, NYU Loeb Student Center, 8. Art, photography, music and poetry by Chick and Anna Habart.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19

London Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall, 8. Conductor: Bernard Haitink; soloist: Pinchas Zukerman, violinist. Williams, Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich.
Municipal Concerts Chamber Orchestra, Menoreh Day Center, 815 Bushwick Ave, Bklyn, MU 2-6567, 2 (free). Conductor: Julius Grossman.
Handel's Royal Music, All Saints Church, 230 E 60, 758-0447, 8. Chorus, soloists and chamber orchestra conducted by Dennis Michno.
Janna Beauvais, soprano, Trinity Church, Bdwy at Wall, 269-6646, 12:45.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20

London Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall, 8. Conductor: Erich Leinsdorf; soloist: Andre Watts, pianist. Brahms, Schubert.
Julliard School Concert, Alice Tully Hall, 1.
Thomas Schumacher, pianist, Alice Tully Hall, 8:30.
Susan Pampalini, soprano, New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle, 581-2311, 8:30.
Dorian Woodwind Quintet, Brooklyn College, Gershwin Theater, 12:15 (free).
Da Capo Chamber Players, City College, Shepherd Hall, room 200, Convent at 139, 8 (free).

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

New York Philharmonic, Philharmonic Hall, 8:30. Conductor: Michael Gielen; soloists: Margaret

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Price, soprano; Shelle Armstrong, soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Schola Centorum, Liszt; Dante Symphony; Mozart: Davide Penitente Cantata.

London Philharmonic, Carnegie Hall, 8. Conductor: Bernard Haitink; soloist: William Masselos, pianist. Berlioz, Saint Saens, Bruckner.

Larry Bird, pianist, Carnegie Recital Hall, 10 a.m.

Andy Thomas-Anselmo, vocalist, Alice Tully Hall, 8:30.

Pauline Clinehard, pianist, Lincoln Center Library-Museum Auditorium, 6:30.

Wim van der Panna, organist, Trinity Church, Bdwy et Wall, 269-6646, 12:45.

Petar La Barbera and **Roy Cumming**, jazz concert, St. James' Church, Madison at 71, 268-4100, 12:30 (free).

Ani Kavallian, violinist and **Anna Bagharian**, contralto, Kavookjian Auditorium, 630 Second, 688-0710, 8:15.

Flamenco Concert, City College, Shepard Hall, room 200, Convent et 139, 12:30 (free).

Opera

METROPOLITAN OPERA METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

Fri, 10/15, 8-11:10, **Luisa Miller** with Maliponte, Dunn, Myhal, Tucker, Milnes, Reimondi, Plishka. Conductor: Levine; director: Merrill; designers: Co'onnello and Reppa.

Sat, 10/16, 2-4:30, **Fidelio** with Bjoner, Mathis, McCracken, Dooley, Tozzi, Macurdy, Goeke, Schmor, Christopher. Conductor: Wallat; director: Igesz; designer: Aronson.

Sat, 10/16, 8-11, **Cavallaria Rusticana** with Bumbry, Forst, Kraft, Morel, Colzani; **Pagliacci** with Kabalavanska, Spleas, MacNeill, Gibbs, Vellis, Murphy, Coffey. Conductor: Keene; director: Melano; designer: Zeffirelli.

Mon, 10/16, 8-11, **Der Freischütz** with Lorenger, Blegen, Konya, Feldhoff, Macurdy, Ebert, MacWherter, Karlusd. Conductor: Ludwig; director and designer: Heinrich.

Tue, 10/19, 8-10:30, **Fidelio** with Bjoner, Mathis, Nagy, Meredith, Tozzi, Macurdy, Goeke. Conductor: Wallat; director: Igesz; designer: Aronson.

Wed, 10/20, 8-11:10, **Luisa Miller** with Friday's cast.

Thur, 10/21, 8-10:30, **L'Elisir d'Amore** with Grist, Wilcox, Alva, Sereni, Corena. Conductor: Franci; director: Merrill; designer: O'Hearn.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Fri, 10/15, 8:15-11:12, **Roberto Devereux** with Mar-see, Silis, Fitch, Smith, DiGiuseppe, Fredricks. Conductor: Wilson; director: Capobianco and Dende; designers: Lee and Verone.

Sat, 10/16, 2:15-5:38, **The Marriage of Figaro** with Sealar, Kieffer, Domanski. Conductor: Keene; director: Hicks; designer: Wittstein.

Sat, 10/16, 8:15-11:32, **Carmen** with Davidson, Bruno, Shuttlesworth, Kieffer, Jamerson, Smith, Theyard, Hele. Conductor: Rude; director: Capobianco; designer: Verona.

Sun, 10/17, 1:15-4:12, **Roberto Devereux** with Creed, Silis, Fitch, Smith, Marini, Fredricks. Conductor: Wilson; directors: Capobianco and Dende; designers: Lee and Varona.

Sun, 10/17, 7:15-10:12, **Mefistofele** with Neblett, Evans, Treigle, Marti, Fitch. Conductor: Rude; directors: Capobianco and Dende; designers: Mitchell and George.

Tue, 10/19, 8:15-10:30, **Le Coq d'Or** with Welling, Greenspon, Neblett, DiGiuseppe, Males, Pierson, Glize, Smith. Conductor: Susskind; directors: Capobianco and Dende; designers: Lee and Varona.

Wed, 10/20, 8:15-11:35, **Carmen** with Creig, Schaefer, Shuttlesworth, Kieffer, Jamerson, Dens, Molesse, Bittner, Devlin. Conductor: Rude; directors: Capobianco and Dende; designer: Varone.

Thur, 10/21, 8:15-11:12, **Mefistofele** with Cruz-Romo, Evans, Lueders, Treigle, Marti, Fitch. Conductor: Morelli; directors: Capobianco and Dende; designers: Mitchell and George.

OTHER EVENTS

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16-16

Bal Canto Opera, Cherubini's "Medea," 7:30.

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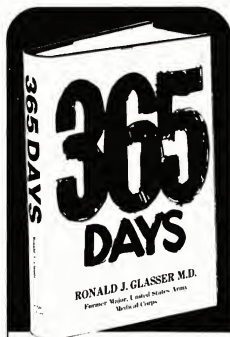
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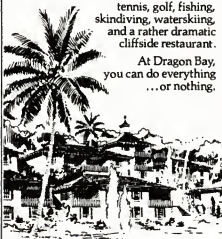
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Amato Opera Theater, Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," 8:15.

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15-17

Light Opera of Manhattan, Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore," Fri, 10/15, 8:30; Sat, 10/16, 4 and 8:30; Sun, 10/17, 4.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20

Opera Festival Inc., Temple Theater, 251 W 100, 228-0900, 7:30. Bizet's "Carmen" with Young, Russell, Jones, Siegling.

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20-21

Light Opera of Manhattan, Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance," 8:30.

Dance

JOFFREY BALLET
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(Thru November 14)

Fri, 10/15, 8, "Moves," "Reflections," "Solewind," "Mingus Dances."

Sat, 10/16, 2, "Reflections," "The Still Point," "Pineapple Poll."

Sat, 10/16, 8, "Petrouchka," "Abyss," "Trinity."

Sun, 10/17, 2, "Square Dance," "Solewind," "Pineapple Poll."

Sun, 10/17, 8, "Reflections," "Feet of Ashes," "Mingus Dances."

Tue, 10/19, 8, "Mingus Dances," "Feet of Ashes," "Asiarte."

Wed, 10/20, 8, "Kettentenz," "Abyss," "Mingus Dances."

Thur, 10/21, 8, "Petrouchka," "Konservatoriet," "Trinity."

OTHER EVENTS

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15

American Mime Theater, Cooper Union, Great Hall, Fourth Ave at 8 St, 254-6300, 8:15 (free).

FRIDAY-SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15-17

Bella Lewitzky Dance Company, Brooklyn Academy Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave, Bklyn, 783-5700, Fri-Sat, 10/15-10/16, 8; Sun, 10/17, 2.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16

Padmini and troupe, YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington (at 92), 427-8000, 7:30. Indian dance.

Lotipiece Day/Night, outdoor event choreographed by Rudy Perez, 72 btwn Second and Third (So. side), at sunset (for exact time call UN 1-4200) free.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17

Dances of India by Vija Vatra, NYU Loeb Student Center, 3.

MONDAY-TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18-19

Jan Van Dyke, Mei Wong, Kenneth Rinker, dancers/choreographers, Cubiculo, 414 W 51, 265-2138, 8.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18

ChoreoConcerts and Critiques, New School Auditorium, 66 W 12, OR 5-2700, 8:10. New dances.

lec-dems, discussions by Carolyn Carlson, Cliff Keuter, Joan Miller, Janet Soares, Ethel Winter.
Afro-Spanish Dances, with Carmen Del Mesrean and Daniel Barriosenos, NYU Loeb Student Center, 1 (free).

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

Kel Tekel Group, The Kitchen, 240 Mercer, 475-9865, 9.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18-SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24

Classical Khmer Dancers of Cambodia, Brooklyn Academy, Opera House, evenings at 8; Sun eve at 7:30; Mat, 10/24 at 2.

Art

OPENING SOLOS

Karel Appel—Jackson, 32 E 69, YU 8-1800. Large polychrome aluminum sculpture, paintings, and painted wood and canvas wall-reliefs, 10/19-11/13.

William Bailey—Schopkop, 825 Madison, TR 9-4639. Paintings and drawings of still lifes and figures, 10/16-11/14.

Victorio Barr—Myers, 50 W 57, 248-2717. Paintings, 10/16-11/2.

Cecil—Center, 49 W 57, MU 8-2560. Steel, bronze, plastic and copper sculpture, 10/18-10/27.

George Gross—Falgout, 27 E 79, 628-0700. "Dede Drawings, 1912-1920," 10/16-11/27.

Carol Heer—Mutchinson, 127 Greene, 254-4430. "Edge of Visibility" subtle abstract color paintings, 10/16-11/10.

George Kreis—Austrian Institute, 11 E 52, PL 9-5165. Originals of book illustrations, 10/15-11/5.

Pat Mainardi—Green Mountain, 17 Perry, 524-8541. Realist paintings: landscapes, political paintings, and symbolic still lifes, 10/18-11/7.

Maraia—Panoras, 62 W 56, PL 7-2117. "My Paris:" oils, 10/18-10/30.

Norman Porter—Chase, 31 E 64, LE 5-3991. Rural and urban landscapes, and still lifes, 10/19-10/30.

Robert Rauschenberg—Castelli, 420 W Broadway, BU 4-4820. Cardboards, 10/16-11/6. At Castelli, 4 E 77—"Cardboards," prints, 10/16-11/8.

Joel Rudnick—Park, 148 Park, Bklyn, 622-9054. "Man and Woman" sculpture, 10/15-10/28.

Ramon Santigao—Environment, 205 E 60, MU 8-5880. Figurative paintings, 10/20-1/16.

Jim Sullivan—Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster, 968-5607. Abstract paintings, 10/18-11/3.

Anton Van Daelen—Graham, 1014 Madison, 535-5767. Paintings and drawings, 10/19-11/13.

Sam Weiner—Hundred Acres, 456 W Broadway, 539-2250. Glass and mirrored constructions, 10/18-11/6.

Richard Allen Zarro—Oppegard, 1168 Lexington, 861-5866. Etchings and engravings verging on surrealism, 10/18-11/5.

CONTINUING SOLOS

Amena Ahlu—Lesnick-Kuhlik, 23 E 67, 879-1072. The Ragamala Series (Garland of Painted Indian Melodies) and the Shritaz Cycle, thru 10/28.

Joan Arp—Janis, 8 W 57, 469-9880. "An Arp Garden": large-scale marble and bronze sculpture, thru 10/30.

Ed Beard—Willard, 29 E 72, 744-2925. Blue pencil drawings on paper, thru 10/24.

Lynda Benglis—Cooper, 100 Prince, 925-1627. Polyurethane sculpture and wax paintings, thru 10/21.

Mery Boulton—Panoras, 82 W 58, PL 7-2117. Expressionist paintings, thru 10/16.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Amato Opera Theater, 319 Bowery (at 2nd St), 228-8200.

Bel Center Opera, Madison Avenue Baptist Church, 30 E 31, MU 5-1377.

Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Avenue, Bklyn, 763-8700.

Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall and Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd. and Hill Place, Brooklyn, 659-1180.

City Center, 131 W 55, CI 6-8989.

Hunter College, Playhouse, 68 between Park & Lexington; Assembly Hall, 68 between Park & Lexington, 535-5350.

Light Opera of Manhattan, Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E 74, LE 5-8310.

Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway, 362-1911. Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue, 799-2200. Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center Plaza, 799-4420. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza, TR 7-4727. Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza, TR 4-2424.

NYU Loeb Student Center, LaGuardia Place & Washington Square South, 588-2116.

Town Hall, 113 W 43, JU 2-4538.

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Dean Bradford Bowman—American Bible Society, 1865 B'dway, 581-7400. Biblical figures carved out of smooth and rough-hewn timbers, thru 11/15.

Ainelle Burke—Krausheer, 1055 Madison, LE 5-9888. Impressionistic landscapes, thru 10/30.

Alexander Calder—Peris, 1018 Madison, TR 9-7440. "Animobiles": recant brightly colored metal sculpture in the shape of imaginary animals; end, 1971 gouache paintings, thru 11/16.

Jon Caraman—Graham, 1014 Madison, 535-5787. Landscape paintings, thru 10/16.

Chunghi Choo—Larsen Showroom, 232 E 58, OR 4-3993. Large tie-dye tapestries, thru 10/22.

Adela Cohan—Phoenix, 939 Madison, RH 4-5166. Sculpture enclosed in plexiglass containers, thru 10/30.

Rollin Crampton-Krasner, 1081 Madison, RE 4-6110. Monochromatic and hard-edge paintings by the late American, thru 10/23.

Cora Sue Cronsmayer—Henry St Gallery, 265 Henry, WO 2-1100. Paintings, thru 10/31.

Willem De Kooning—Stone, 48 E 86, YU 8-6870. Selected works from the 40s and '50s, thru 11/1.

Basil Ede—Kennedy, 20 E 56, 758-3850. Paintings of wild birds, thru 10/30.

Emien Etting—Midtown, 11 E 57, PL 8-1900. Paintings inspired by the Cyclades Islands, thru 10/23.

Harold Gards—Brooklyn College, Student Union Bldg, Bedford Ave and Avenue H, 780-5436. Expressionist paintings, thru 10/31.

Lionel Gilbert—Alonso, 26 E 63, 688-2036. Abstract Improvisations of interiors, landscapes and still lifes, thru 10/23.

Gabriel Godard—Findley, 11-13 E 57, PL 8-1297. Paintings, thru 10/30.

Richard Gross—Borgenticht, 1018 Madison, LE 5-8040. Recent drawings, thru 10/21.

Aaronal deRoy Gruber-Scheerer, 41 E 57, PL 5-3330. Kinetic sculpture, thru 10/23.

Ira Joel Haber—Fischbach, 29 W 57, PL 9-2345. Sculpture 1969-1971, thru 11/3.

Halan Hoffman—Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt, TN 7-3344. Oil paintings: figure studies, flowers and seascapes of Hawaii, thru 10/26.

George Holmann—French, 980 Madison, 535-3330. Abstract paintings: large acrylics on canvas and small watercolors on paper, thru 10/21.

Ian Hornak—de Negy, 29 W 57, 421-3780. Landscapes and portraits in the style of photographic realism, thru 10/26.

Scott Hyde—Wilkin, 243 E 80, 355-1461. New color work, thru 11/14.

Jess—Odyssey, 41 E 57, HA 1-3690. Peste-ups: collages, thru 10/23.

Joshua Johnston—Paridot, 820 Madison, RH 4-8560. Portraits by the black artist who painted in Baltimore from 1790-1825, thru 10/30.

Susan Kahn—ACA, 25 E 73, 628-2440. Intimate portraits of young people: paintings and drawings, thru 10/30.

Dorothea Kehaya—Nikon House, 437 Madison, 564-9450 ext. 36. Photographs: color abstractions, thru 10/16.

William King—Hammarskjold Plaza sculpture garden, Second et 47, 661-0033. Steel aluminum constructions, thru 11/17.

Joseph Kosuth—Castelli, 4 E 77, BU 8-4820. "The Eighth Investigation," thru 10/16.

Leonid—Lancade, 23 E 87, 249-4561. Views of Venice: oils by the Neo-Romantic, thru 10/21.

Doris Lerman—Gellery 84, 1045 Madison, 874-9772. Mixed-media constructions, thru 10/16.

Sol Lewitt—Weber, 420 W B'dway, no tel. Well drawings and large sculptures, thru 10/20.

Richard Lindner—Samuels, 18 E 76, YU 8-4558. Watercolors, thru 11/24.

John Little—Sachs, 29 W 57, 421-8888. Abstract oils and collages, thru 10/29.

Christopher McNair—Apple, 161 W 23, YU 9-7734. "Positively No Freight," thru 10/17.

Amedeo Modigliani—Aquevella, 18 E 79, 734-6300. 50 paintings chosen from private and museum collections and representing all phases of Modigliani's creative development (for benefit of MOMA), thru 11/13.

John Vincent Moore—55 Mercer Street, no tel: Paintings, drawings and pastels: allegoric representations of objects and figures in interior space, thru 10/22.

George Morris—Hirschli & Adler, 21 E 67, LE 5-8810. Paintings, sculpture, drawings and watercolors by the American abstractionist, thru 10/30.

Alan Newman—Exposure, 214 E 10, 982-1190. Photographs, thru 10/31.

Kannath Noland—Emmarich, 41 E 57, PL 2-0124. Paintings with vertical and horizontal bands of color producing a lattice image, thru 11/3.

Joe Ovarstadius—Dorsky, 111 Fourth, 473-0887. Geometric compositions, thru 10/31.

David Passa-Dinterleas, 18 E 87, RH 4-1580. Paintings and drawings, thru 10/30.

Donald Parls—Graham, 1014 Madison, 555-5566. Females, clothed and otherwise, in the New Realist style, thru 10/18.

Pleesoo—Salidenberg, 1037 Madison, BU 8-3387. Paintings and works on paper from 1909-1993, thru 10/31. At Marlborough, 41 E 57, PL 2-5363. Paintings and works on paper from 1924-present, thru 10/31.

Peter Plagens—Pelley, 93 Prince, 228-3700. Paintings in acrylic, pastel and oil crayon, thru 10/18.

Patricia Plum—Prince St Gallery, 108 Prince, SA 2-3870. Sculpture, thru 10/20.

Dr. Eliot Porter—Neikrug, 224 E 68, BU 8-7741. Photographs of nature dealing with the eastern part of the country, thru 10/25.

Gregorio Prestopino—Lerner-Misrahi, 789 Madison, 472-1995. Vividly colored semi-representational paintings, thru 10/20.

Ann Reicher—787 Madison, 49-2155. Geometric canvases appearing mirrored areas, thru 10/23.

Frank Roth—Jackson, 32 E 89, YU 8-1800. New geometric acrylics, thru 10/18.

Manabu S. Saito—New York World Artistic Society, 128 W 58, 757-0915. Paintings of cactus flowers, thru 11/4.

Emilio Sanchez—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park, 294-8950, thru 11/7; Kerr, 49 E 82, 628-1340, thru 10/16; AAA, 63 Fifth, PL 5-4211, thru 10/18. Recent paintings, drawings and lithographs by the Cuban-born artist.

Suzanna Scott—Hoffmann & Haidrich, 208 E 73, UN 1-6400. Paintings, watercolors and oils, thru 10/22.

Hein Sassewain—Syracuse University's Lubin House, 11 E 81, 832-8000, "People": surrealist line drawings, thru 10/29.

Vera Simon—Weddell, 50 W 57, 421-4141. Floating sculpture, thru 11/8.

Phillippe Smith—Act of 15, Charles, 699-8335. Marble, bronze and wood sculpture, thru 10/19.

Soroka—Wilbur, 194 Third, GR 5-2710. Watercolors, thru 10/30.

Jasus Raphael Soto—Jackson, 32 E 89, YU 8-1800. Optical/kinked reliefs, thru 10/18.

Bruce Stark—New York Bank for Savings, 280 Park Ave S, GR 5-5558. Works by the New York Daily News caricaturist, thru 10/29.

Suzanna Siaz—Columbia University, Philosophy Hall, Amsterdam at 117, 884-9562. Abstract paintings, thru 10/22.

William Stille—Wayne, 49 Lexington, TE 8-5478. Drawings, thru 11/8.

Frank Stille—Rubin, 49 W 57, 758-5511. Recent paintings, thru 10/23.

Rosemary Taylor—Loves and Lat Love, 1278 First, 288-0035. Pottery, thru 10/30.

Victor Vasary—Images, 737-9655 (by appt. only). The "Vase" suite of all ceramics, thru 11/15.

Friedrich Vorderberg-Gildewald—La Boetia, 1042 Madison, 535-4865. Paintings, drawings, collages, by the German Constructivist, thru 10/31.

Robert Wade—Kornblase, 58 E 79, 861-4255. Recent work, thru 10/28.

Willy Weber—Gimbel-Waitzenhofer, 1040 Madison, 828-1897. Dynamically marked reliefs, thru 10/23.

Murray Wales—Wilkins, 237 E 60, 355-1461. Monhegan Island woodscapes, thru 11/14.

H. C. Westermann—Franklin, 41 E 57, PL 3-0133. Constructions, drawings and prints, thru 10/30.

Kim Whanki—Polandster, 24 E 84, 628-2844. Abstract paintings, thru 10/21.

OPENING GROUP SHOWS

African Tribal Arts—84 E 10, 982-4558. Sculpture from the Ivory Coast, 10/19-10/31.

China House—125 E 85, 744-8181. "Early Chinese Gold and Silver": objects from approx. 1027 B.C.-1279 A.D., 10/21-10/30.

O.K. Harris—469 W 64way, 777-8868. H. N. Han and Donald Lewallan: paintings; and Art Deco, 10/18-11/6.

Hutton—967 Madison, 249-9700. Russian Avant-Garde paintings, sculpture, and constructions spanning the years 1908-1922, 10/15-12/18.

Shickman—929 Park, 249-3800. "The Neglected 19th Century": works by Ribot, Carrère, Gérôme, Couture, Vollon, Tissot, Isabey and others, 10/18-11/6.

Studio 725—119 E 57, 691-3318. Sculpture by Bear, Bossewath, Feinberg, Foley, Hegstrum, Held, Schwarzbach, Shor, Stark, 10/21-11/6.

Wiener—831 Madison, 249-6750. Indian Miniature paintings representing the Rajput, Moghul and Nepali schools replying in date from the 16th-18th centuries, 10/18-11/30.

CONTINUING GROUP SHOWS

AAA—63 Fifth, PL 5-4211. *Fin De Siècle* posters: Bonnard, Toulouse-Lautrec, Art Nouveau, and commercial illustrations, thru 10/30.

African Tribal Arts—84 E 10, 982-4558. Traditional tribal masks from the Guinea Coast, thru 10/18.

Paintings—28 E 63, MU 8-2038. Martin Hurlig: lithographs: Brila Molin, Victor Lind: etchings: Marcos Yizyazy, Meryl Kall: sarigraphs, thru 10/30.

American Greetings—Pan Am Bldg., 200 Park, 661-1975. "The Corporate Signature in Art": paintings exploring commercial logos, signatures and trademarks by Comar Jennings, thru 10/21.

Artists—261 Riverside, 494-7600. Paintings, graphics and sculpture by Miro, El, Fat, G. Ives, Labadeng, G. Silve, R. Rubin and others, thru 11/5.

Aleia House—112 E 64, PL 1-4210. Ancient Indonesian Art of the Central and Eastern Javanese Periods, thru 11/28.

Blue Parrot—1057 Madison, 828-3367. Prints by California artists Crutchfield, Goode, Graham, Moses and Ruscha, thru 10/23.

Bowery—299 Bowery, 228-9661. Paintings by gallery artists, thru 10/24.

Brownstone—78 Seventh, Bklyn, 836-8736. Jerome Burns: "Silent Theaters": Josephina Burns: paintings and pastels, thru 10/30.

Caravan House—132 E 65, RH 4-4793. Sculpture by Miri Barash, Betty Barrett, Claire Diamond, Ray Gottlieb, Christine Harris, Elaine Hymen, Haie Simon, Corinne Stoll, Harriet Walnberg, thru 10/23.

Center—243 E 82, TR 9-4660. Art of Brücke, Blaue Reiter, Dada, Bauhaus, and New Realism of the two centuries including works by Nolde, Munch, Grotz, Feininger, and Klee, thru 11/20.

Community Church Gallery—28 E 35, 969-0117. Works by artists of India, thru 10/30.

Dannenberg—1000 Madison (thru 10/16); new address: 1020 Madison, 249-7050. Paintings by American masters including Alexander Archipenko, Childe Hassam, Ernst Lawson, Max Weber, Wilhelm Rorech and others, thru 11/8.

Danile Zané—6 W 57, 785-1330. "Masters of Early Constructive Abstract Art": works by Albers, Arp, Deisunary, Kandinsky, Moholy-Nagy, Mondrian, Vordenberg-Gildewald and others, thru 10/30.

Elkon—1063 Madison, LE 5-3940. "20th Century Masters": works by Albers, Dubuffet, Kandinsky, Kline, Lindner, Magrila, Miro, Picabia, Rothko, Tanguy and others, thru 11/4.

Emmarich—420 W 64way, PL 2-0124. New works by Noland, Frankenthaler, Frand, Caro, Hale, Liberman, Zarba, Bush, Goodnoosh, Seary, Natkin, Humphrey, Louis and Hofmann, thru 11/1.

Faigen—27 E 82, 828-0700. 19th- and 20th-century masterpieces including paintings by Braque, Dufour, Monet and Courbet, and sculpture by Laurens and Picasso, thru 10/15. Feinberg: Graphics—Original prints and multiples by Albers, Oldenburg, Rosenquist, Ruscha and Youngerman, thru 10/31.

First National City Bank—399 Park, 559-1000. Works by members of the Sculpture League, thru 10/22.

Freeman—4 Great Jones, 260-0953. Dale Chihuly: neon-glass sculpture; Sam Harris: Art Nouveau glass, thru 10/31.

Gallery 1128—310 W 43, 582-1890. "Harlem Artists 71": works by Andrews, Blayton, Bryan, Carls, Denmark, Hollingsworth, Maynard, Mohn, Phillips, Weaver and others, thru 11/17.

Helen Gae—263 W 11, 928-8587 (by appt. only). Contemporary drawings, thru 10/30.

Gimbel-Waitzenhofer—1040 Madison, 828-1897. Paintings by Japanese artists: Risaburo Kimura and Ryohei Tokita, thru 10/23.

Grafton Potter Art Gallery—106 W 78, 799-4996. Architectural studies in all media, thru 10/30.

Grand Central—40 Vanderbilt, TN 7-3344. Paintings and sculpture by Priscilla Roberts, Dina Carlsen, Clive Higgs, Robert Brackman, Robert Phillips, Eric Sloss, Hahn Vidal and others, thru 10/21.

Graphics 1—2 and 2-240 E 52, 758-8713. Fine prints by Man Ray, Danny, Buffet, Arp, Ackermann and others, thru 10/31.

Heilmann—Fifth at 58, JU 2-9130. "Gerbege: The Need to Recycle"—architectural models around utilization of "junk" in crafts, education, fine and decorative arts, thru 11/10.

Hundred Acres—456 W Broadway, 533-2250. "Collage of Indonesian Art": 70 original designs for each poster by Calder, Bracoli, Judd, Reuschberg, Rosenquist, Youngerman and others, thru 11/8.

Iramer—125 E 81, 898-5460. Contemporary Brazilian tapestries, thru 11/4.

Japan House—333 E 47, 632-1155. "Rimpa" works by artists of the 17th-18th centuries in a Japanese decorative school from 1800-1800 A.D., thru 11/14.

Kennedy—20 E 56, 758-3850. "American Masters of the 20th Century": works by Burchfield, Stoen, Demuth, Merin, Hopper, Baskin, Levine, Evergood, Kuhn and Shahn, thru 11/4.

Kneadlin—47 W 62, 628-0400. Works by Dall, da Kooning, Duchamp, Gorky, Kandinsky, Moore, Nolda, de Silva, and others, thru 10/16.

Kodek—1133 Avenue of the Americas, 262-8170. "Print New York": examples of the types and styles of printing available in the city, thru 10/30.

Krugel—at Cile—65 Madison, 737-8118. Indian Erotic Miniature Paintings dating from the 17th-19th centuries, thru 10/23.

National Arts Club—15 Gramercy Park S, 929-2445. Old, watercolor, graphics and sculpture by artists from 18th-19th centuries, thru 10/21.

New School Art Center, 65 Fifth, GR 5-2700. American Posters of Protest, 1966-1970, thru 12/4 (closed Sundays).

New York Bank for Savings—Lexington at 48, GR 3-5658. Sculpture by members of the Composers, Authors and Artists of America, thru 10/22.

Nordness—236/238 E 75, 988-4410. "New Chinese Paintings": paintings in water media mounted in scroll form by Hong Kong artists, thru 10/21.

NYU Loeb Student Center—La Guardia Place and Washington St S, 598-2458. Abstract paintings by Richard Chaimson, Ron Lusker and Arne Magnusson, thru 10/15.

Opposed—1168 Lexington, UN 1-5868. "Modern Masters of the Graphic": etchings and lithographs by Shaw, Altman, Cuevas, Baskin, Wundtlich, Tames, Judd, Chagall, thru 10/15.

Park—14 Park Place, Bklyn, 622-9054. "Fell Previews": works by Will Failer, Joe Rudnick, Robert Anderson, Elias Rivera, and others, thru 10/30.

Raydon—1091 Madison, 288-3555. "America the Beautiful": landscapes by 19th- and 20th-century artists, thru 10/29.

Salmagundi—47 Fifth, 255-7740. Prints, lithographs and drawings by Salmagundi Club members, thru 10/29. (Works will be auctioned the evenings of 10/15, 10/22, and 10/29.)

Sculpture Center—157 E 69, RE 7-9870. George Camy: Retrospective, 1938-1971; and sculpture by Robert Cook, Winston Gliners, Barbara Larkberg, Nina Winkel, and others, thru 10/16.

Steampit—47 E 77, 535-1919. Works by gallery artists including Broderson, Torgal, Steinberg, Baummeister and others, thru 10/16.

Watcott-Fields—14a Fifth, GR 7-2312. Small arts sold by Beverly Boiden, Eve Helmen and Bruce Moors, thru 10/30.

Welly F-17 E 57, HA 1-5390. "Les Fauves" works by Braque, Camoin, Derain, Dufy, Fries, Magu, Marquet, Matisse, Pujo, Roussat, Valfat, van Dongen and Vlaminck, thru 11/3.

Zabotnik—29 W 57, 632-9034. Sculpture by Agostini, Frank, Fene, Hogue, Skleniewicz; paintings by Adams, Hill, and others; and other media (see paintings) on paper by Turk, Trajan, thru 11/8.

Zlarier—565 Madison, 679-6212. Works by Avery, Calder, O'Keefe, Tanen, Warhol and others thru 10/29.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History—CPW at 79th, 873-1300. Mon of 10:5, Sun & Hots 1-5. Exhibits of the Month—Porcelain bird models by Dorothy Doughty, thru 10/31. Arts of the Eskimo: Eskimo carvings, prints and artifacts, thru 12/72.

American Numismatic Society Museum—Bdwy between 125th and 126th Sts, AL 3-3020. Tue-Sat 9-5, Sun 1-4. Coins of the world from the inception of coinage to modern days.

Brooklyn Museum—200 Eastern Parkway, NE 8-5000. Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5, Holidays 1-5, closed Mon and Tues. Renfro's Choice: paintings, sculpture and graphics by 8 artists from the Metropolitan area, thru 11/4.

Chase Manhattan Bank Money Museum—1254 Avenue of the Americas, 552-1046. Tue-Sat 10-5,

Money from 1500 B.C. to the present including \$100,000 bill, Indian wampum, "pieces of eight," and signed checks of all U.S. Presidents.

Cloisters—Fr. Tryon Park, 923-3700. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

El Museo del Barrio—Community School, District Four, 206 E 116, 348-0777. Mon-Fri 10-5; Wed 10-7; closed Sat, Sun. Works of contemporary Puerto Rican artists utilizing "Tejano" motifs, thru 11/5.

Finch College Museum of Art—62-64 E 78, BU 8-8450. Tue-Sun 1-5; closed Mon. **Sonja Sekula**: paintings, drawings and poetry, thru 11/15. Scheduled video tape showings by Acconci, Campus, Davis, Graham, Neuman, Oppenheim, Reich, Sonnier, Whitman and others, thru 11/15.

Frick Collection—1 E 70, 288-0700. Tue-Sat 10-6; Sun 1-6; closed Mon.

Geetha House—1014 Fifth, 744-8310. Mon, Fri, Sat 9-30; Tue, Wed, Thur 1-6-30.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth, EN 9-5110. Wed Sat 10-6, Tue til 9 (open free to the public, Tue 6-9), Sun 12-6. **Mondrian**: retrospective commemorating the 100th anniversary of Mondrian's birth, thru 12/12. **10 Young Artists**: **Theodoron Awards**—Power Boothe, Ron Cooper, Billy Byrnie Copley, Mary Corae, Guy Dill, Andrew Gerndt, Harriet Korman, Dore Nalson, Michael Singer and George Trakas, thru 11/7.

Hispanic Society of America—Bdway at 155th, 926-2234. Tue-Sat 10-4:30, Sun 2-5, closed Mon. **Paintings** by El Graco, Velázquez, Goya, Sorolla; Spanish sculpture, furniture, textiles, metalwork, etc., "The Generation of '98": portraits and manuscripts of and by Spanish writers.

Hudson River Museum—511 Warburton Ave, Yonkers, (914) YQ 3-4550. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, Wed eve 7-10, closed Mon. **20th Century Painting and Sculpture from the NYU Art Collection**, thru 11/15. Sculpture by Roland Gebhardt, thru 10/18. "Sky Watch": The Andrus Space Transit Planetarium's program of free telescope viewing, most clear Wednesday evenings from 9-10.

Jewish Museum—1109 Fifth, RI 9-3770. Mon-Thur 12-5, Fri 11-3, Sun 11-6, closed Sat. **The Concerns of Roman Vishniac**: photographs and films dealing with men, nature and science, 10/20-12/72. **Jewish Ceremonial Art** of Benjamin Mintz, 10/20-12/72. **Jewish Ceremonial Art** collection, thru 10/19. **Late-Model Sukkah**: sculpture in transparent fiberglass and aluminum by Audrey Hemenway Garfinkel, thru 10/19.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—Fifth and 82nd, TR 9-5500. Tue & Fri 10-9, Wed, Thur, Sat, 10-5, Sun & Holidays 11-5, closed Mon, Holiday Mon 11-5. **Early Firearms of Great Britain and Ireland**, 10/19-11/72. **This Was the East Harlem Festival**: photographs, drawings and paintings by Harlem youngsters, thru 10/24. **Child's Garden of Art**: paintings by children from Near-Eastern and African countries, thru 10/24. **The Painter's Light**: paintings from Van Eyck to Edward Hopper, in which light is used uniquely, thru 11/10. **Albrecht Dürer**: engravings, etchings, and woodcuts from the Museum collection, thru 11/14. **Arts from the Rooftop of Asia—Tibet, Nepal, Kashmir**: paintings, sculpture and jewelry dating from the 7th-19th centuries, thru 1/30/72. **Sculpture of Africa: Nigeria and Cameroon**, thru 12/17. **Ancient Egyptian Writing**, thru 1973.

Muse—1530 Bedford Ave, Bklyn, 774-2900. Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of American Folk Art—49 W 53, LT 1-2474. Tue-Sun 9:30-5:30. **Tattoo**: tattoos from Polynesia, Japan, Africa as well as the American Indian, Eskimo and 19th-century sailor; and an authentic tattoo parlor, thru 11/28.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts—29 W 53, CI 6-6640. Mon-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. **Photo Media**: unusual uses of photographic techniques, thru 12/72. **Dale Chihuly**: blown glass, thru 11/7.

Museum of Modern Art—11 W 53, 958-7070. Mon 12-7, Tue, Wed, Fri, Sat 11-6, Thur 11-9, Sun 12-6. **Barnett Newman**: major retrospective, 10/21-11/10/72. **Jasper Johns**: first NY showing of "Map," a shaped canvas based on Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Afrocean World projection, thru 11/17. **Prints from Halifax**: works from the Lithography Workshop of Nova Scotia College of Art and Design by 25 Canadian artists, thru 11/12. **Projects: Mel Bochner**—new investigating spatial perception, thru 11/1. **Photographs of Women**: brief survey of the ideas and attitudes about women that have recurred in photography in the last 70 years, thru 11/30. **Ways of Looking**: introduction to modern art for the spectator who is unfamiliar with the



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gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

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subject, especially children. Exhibit will use
works from the museum collection, thru 11/1.
Fred Otto: e full-scale tent constructed in the
Museum Garden will house a survey of work done
by the German architect, thru 10/24. *Drawings and
Watercolors* from the Museum Collection: con-
temporary works by artists from the U.S., Europe,
Asia and Latin America, thru 10/19. *Posters* by
A. M. Cassandre, thru 10/31.

Museum of Primitive Art—15 W 54, CI 6-9493. Wed-
Fri 11-5. Sat 12-5, Sun 1-5, closed Mon. Tue.
Ancient Mexican sculpture and ceramics dating
from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. thru 11/22.

Museum of the American Indian—Boway at 155,
AU 3-2420. Tue-Sun 1-5, closed Mon.

Museum of the City of New York—Fifth at 103rd, LE
4-1672. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5, closed Mon. *The
Story of Fiddler on the Roof*: scene designs by
Boris Anron; costumes designed by Patricia Zip-
prodt; and photos and posters of more than 20
different productions of the show, thru 11/14.

Museum of the Performing Arts—Lincoln Center,
111 Amsterdam, 799-2200. Mon-Fri 10-9, Sat 10-6,
closed Sun. Theater drawings and pastels by
Claude Marks, thru 10/31.

New York Cultural Center—2 Columbus Circle, 581-
2311. Tue-Sun 11-8, closed Mon. *75 Years of the
Comics*: more than 300 examples of comic art
from the 189th century to the present, thru 11/7.
Art in Revolution: Soviet Art and Design since
1917, thru 10/31.

New York Historical Society—170 CPW at 77th,
673-3400. Sun, Tue-Fri 1-5, Sat 10-5, closed Mon.
Mansions from Three Centuries of American
History, thru 10/31. Illuminated manuscripts, por-
traits, wood carvings, chateaux, painted boxes
and needlework by Pennsylvania-German crafts-
men of the early 19th century; Prentiss Perfor
Rooms: 17th century dining rooms and 18th cen-
tury parlor and bedroom, thru 10/31.

New York Public Library—Fifth at 42, 790-6556.
Mon-Fri 10-6, closed Sat, Sun. *Theater*: preserved
works from the theater collection, thru 12/31.
The H. L. Mencken Papers: written manuscript, let-
ters, etc. thru 12/1. "Sports, Pastimes Games"
illustrations, thru 10/31. *Donnell Library Center*—
20 W 53, 790-6392. Works by members of the
Reich Weiss Photography Workshop, thru 10/30.

Hudson Park Branch—10 Seventh Ave South, 243-
6876. *Tanya Duane*: transparent paintings, oils,
collages and silk screen prints, thru 10/29.
Courtesy Cullen Library—104 W 136, 790-6392.
"One People": sculpture, graphics and paintings by
members of the Weusi Academy, thru 10/16.

Nicholas Roerich Museum—319 W 107, UN 4-7752.
Sun-Fri 2-5; closed Sat and holidays. Paintings
by Momoko, thru 11/7.

Pierpont Morgan Library—29 E 36, MU 5-0006. Mon-
Sat 9-5-5, closed Sun. Contemporary English
Bookbindings, 10/20-11/27. Edward S. Curtis and
other observers of the North American Indian,
1524-1930; Audubon watercolors of New York and
birds; Manuscripts of the novels and poems of Sir
Walter Scott, thru 11/8.

South Street Seaport Museum—16 Fulton, 349-4310.
Everyday 12-6. *The Coville*, an 1891 Gloucester
fishing schooner; the *Ambrose*, which marked the
channel into New York harbor from 1908 to 1932;
and the *Waverline*, built in Southampton in 1665
—the first New York City ship to sail to the West
Indies.

Studio Museum—2033 Fifth, 427-5959. Mon & Wed
10-9, Tue, Thur, Fri 10-6, Sat, Sun 1-6. *James
Van DerZee*: selections from over 80 years of
photography by the oldest living black photog-
rapher, thru 11/14. *All Preises One*: list: works by
African-American artists, thru 11/21. *Elizabeth
Cattell*: more: sculpture and prints, thru 10/72.

Whitney Museum—945 Madison, 249-4100. Daily 11-
6, Tue 11-10, Sun and holidays 12-6. *Alexander
Caldor*: tapestries, thru 11/14. *Jane Kaufman*: color
abstractions, 10/19-11/14. *Venturi and Rauch*:
works by the Philadelphia architects and planners,
thru 10/31. *Edward Hopper*: 156 largely unknown
works drawn from the artist's collection, thru
10/24. *Charles Schucker*: Recent paintings by the
Brooklyn artist, thru 10/17. *Mark Tobey*: recent
lithographs, thru 10/31.

Sports

BASKETBALL

Fri, 10/15, *Nets* vs. *Pittsburgh* at 8:15. (IGA)
Sat, 10/16, *Knicks* vs. *Los Angeles* at 6. (MSG)
Tue, 10/19, *Knicks* vs. *San Francisco* at 7:30. (MSG)

FOOTBALL

Sun, 10/17, *Giants* vs. *Baltimore* at 1. (YS)
Sun, 10/17, *Jets* vs. *Buffalo* at 1. (SS)

HOCKEY

Sun, 10/17, *Rangers* vs. *Montreal* at 7:05. (MSG)
Wed, 10/20, *Rangers* vs. *Chicago* at 7:35. (MSG)

HARNESS RACING

Thru 12/15, *Yonkers Raceway*, nightly except Sun-
day. Post time 6 p.m. Daily Double closes 7:50
p.m. Exactas on the 3rd, 5th, 7th & 9th races.

THOROUGHBRED RACING

Thru 10/16, *Belmont Park Race track*, daily except
Sunday. Post time 1:30 p.m. Daily Double on the
1st and 2nd races (closes at 1:20). Exactas on
the 4th, 6th & 8th races.

10/16-12/15, *Aqueduct Race Course*, daily except
Sunday. Post time 1:30 p.m. Daily Double on the
1st and 2nd races (closes at 1:20). Exactas on the
4th, 6th and 8th races.

OTHER EVENTS

Sat, 10/16, 2, *Wrestling*—Championship Tag Team
Match: Victor Rivera and Gorilla Monsoon vs. Tar-
zen Tyler and Luke Graham; and 4 other bouts.
(SCA)

Sat, 10/16, *Fifth Annual Mayor's Cup Schooner
Race*—20-30 schooners will race from a point near
the Statue of Liberty, starting at 10 a.m., south
beyond the Verrazano Bridge and back, ending about
4 p.m. For "Spectator Boat" information call
369-4310.

SPORTS DIRECTORY

Aqueduct Race Course, Rockaway Blvd. at 110th
Street, South Ozone Park, L.I., 641-4700.
Belmont Park Race Track, Hempstead Turnpike,
Elmont, L.I., 641-4700.
Island Garden Arena, 500 Hempstead Turnpike,
West Hempstead, L.I., (516) 294-6400. (IGA)
Madison Square Garden, Pennsylvania Plaza, 7th
Avenue, 31st to 33rd Streets, 564-4400. (MSG)
Shea Stadium, Roosevelt Avenue at 128th Street,
672-2000. (SS)
Sunnyside Garden Arena, 44-16 Queens Blvd.,
L.I. City, EX 2-6202. (IGA)
Yonkers Stadium, River Avenue at 161st Street,
CY 3-4300. (YS)
Yonkers Raceway, Yonkers and Central Aves.,
(914) Y0 6-4200.

Miscellaneous

Art Tours—Art is the Medium: selected exhibitions
in New York museums and galleries. *The Phila-
delphia Museum of Art*, and *The Rodin Museum*,
Philadelphia, Pa. Sat, 10/30. *The Williams Art
Museum and Sterling and Francine Clark Art
Institute*, Williamstown, Mass: Fri, 10/22. *Princeton
University Art Museum*, Princeton, N.J., and
Doris Duke Foundation for Classical Art, Somerville,
N.J.: Wed, 10/27. For information call or write
Gallery Passport Ltd., 220 Fifth Ave, NYC 10001,
(914) Y0 6-4200.

Auctions—*English Furniture and Decorations*, Fri,
10/15, 10:15 and 2; *Georgian Furniture, English
Silver and Objects de Vertu*, Sat, 10/16, 2; *Fine
Books*, Tue, 10/19, 2; *20th Century Paintings,
Drawings and Watercolors*: works by Kandinsky,
Moholy-Nagy, Leger, Chagall, Vuillard, Modigli-
ani, and Utrillo, Wed, 10/21, 6; *Impressionist and
Modern Paintings*: works by Roussieu, Kokocheva,
Cassatt, Kleff, Braque and others, Thur, 10/21, 6.
At Parke-Bernet, 900 Madison, TR 9-8300.

Audubon Film—*Filming in No-Man's Land*, by Peter
Baker: exploration of animal behavior, Wed, 10/20,
6:15. Hunter College Assembly Hall, 69th between
Park and Lex, 369-2100.

New York Antiques Fair—Over 100 antique dealers,
including a display of original patens from 1793
from the O. Rundle Gilbert's collection, thru
Sun 10/17 at the Albany, Lexington at 26th St.,
daily: noon-9:30; Sun: noon-7, 265-2427.

United Hispanic American Parade—Sun, 10/17, 1
p.m., Fifth and 44th St North to 70th St, east to
Third.

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And what are some of the teachings of the Master?

Well, one of the first has to do with the cutting of the meat. "A Benihana chef is an artist, not a butcher," the Master says. So you must learn to wield a knife with dazzling grace, speed and precision. Your hands should move like Fred Astaire's feet.

You also learn that to a Benihana chef, Hibachi cooking is never solemn. As the Master says "It's an act of pure joy." So joy, really, is what you must bring to the Hibachi table. A joy that the people around you can see and feel. A joy they can catch as you sauté

those jumbo shrimps. Or as you dust that chicken with sesame seeds. Or as you slam that pepper shaker against the grill and send the pepper swirling over those glorious chunks of steak.

Perhaps most important of all, is this saying of the Master's: "Benihana has no cooks. Only chefs."

Which means that while you should be joyous, you must always strive for perfection. So you learn everything there is to learn about sauces and seasonings. You labor to make your shrimp the most succulent shrimp anyone's ever tasted. Your sirloin the most delicious and juicy.

Your every mushroom and bean-sprout a song.

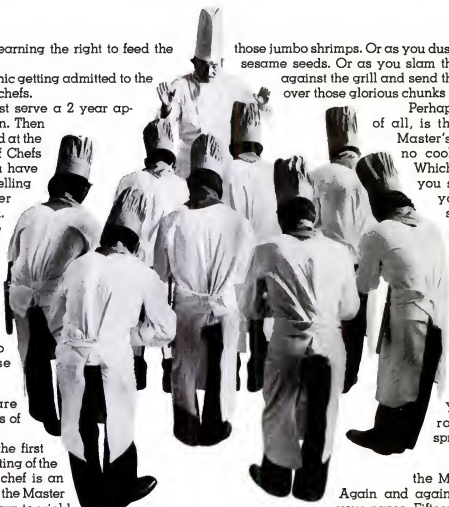
Over and over the Master drills you. Again and again you go through your paces. Fifteen exhausting, perfection-seeking weeks.

But the day comes when you're ready. Ready to bring what you've learned to the people of such far-away places as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

It's a great moment.

"Sayonara, Honorable Teacher," you say.

"Knock 'em dead, Honorable Graduate," he replies.



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How Rich Is the Archdiocese of New York?

By James Gollin

"... You can be forgiven for assuming that the Archdiocese of New York is an invulnerable fortress of wealth and power, but a nine-figure net worth is no guarantee against economic calamity ..."

"There . . . you see that? There he goes." My luncheon companion, a securities analyst, stopped me on the way to Delmonico's to point out a Catholic priest hurrying, briefcase in hand, down lower Broadway. "He comes down here every day from the Power House. The black bag is full of stock certificates. He's the messenger who takes them to the Chase Manhattan." The Power House, I knew, was the chancery, the administrative office of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York. This glimpse of the archdiocesan money game impressed me greatly, until I buttonholed the priest and found that he actually worked at Our Lady of Victory, the church at Pine and William Streets which serves the financial district, and that his briefcase held devotional, not financial, literature. At the time, I was just beginning the research for a book about the finances of the church, so the discovery was a letdown. But my friend's ingenuousness (and my own) made me understand something important. Whether they're Catholic or non-Catholic, Americans everywhere believe strongly in the myth of church wealth. And because the myth and the reality sometimes do seem to coincide in New York, New Yorkers in particular are convinced that the church—their church—is wealthy beyond measure and shrewder about money than Wall Street itself.

The Catholic Church in New York does indeed own impressive assets. In the Power House and elsewhere, moreover, dedicated men work long hours at the job of managing church money. But other enterprises, from Princeton



University (1970 deficit: \$3 million) to the Penn Central (bankrupt), demonstrate that a nine-figure net worth is no guarantee against economic calamity today. Nor can well-intentioned management alone solve the money problems of the church. Here, as in lesser cities, these problems are serious ones. Surrounded by wealth though they are, New York's ranking churchmen are nervous about money and very nervous about the financial disaster now impending in the parochial schools. "People just don't believe us," a chancery aide told me late in September, "but this year could be it. The wolf is sniffing at the school door."

If you stand facing uptown at 50th Street and Madison Avenue, with the archepiscopal residence and Saint Patrick's Cathedral on your left and the Villard Mansions (which house the chancery) on your right, you can be forgiven for assuming that the Archdiocese of New York is an invulnerable fortress of wealth and power with its archbishop, Cardinal Terence J. Cooke,

in supreme control. In fact, Cooke needs a coadjutor archbishop and six auxiliary bishops to help him govern a sprawling, decentralized, cash-starved domain. Geographically, the archdiocese includes Manhattan, the Bronx and Richmond—Brooklyn and Queens together form the entirely separate Diocese of Brooklyn—plus suburban Westchester and Rockland Counties, plus Putnam, Orange, Sullivan, Ulster and Dutchess Counties in the mostly rural "southern tier." This big territory extends up the Hudson Valley as far as Saugerties, 120 miles from the Power House. To keep the current turned on in the outlying districts, Cooke must station one of his auxiliaries, Bishop Joseph M. Pernicone, in Poughkeepsie and another, Bishop John M. Fearn, in Newburgh.

Economically, however, Cooke's properties do not include the dozens of institutions owned by religious orders independent of the archdiocese. For instance, Fordham University, worth \$61 million, St. Vincent's Hospital, valued at \$37.8 million and Marymount College in Tarrytown, worth \$15.1 million, are owned by the Jesuits, the Sisters of Charity, and the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, respectively.

The archdiocese is divided into 407 parishes, each with its own pastor and at least one assistant. In numbers of parishes, New York is outranked only by Chicago (which has 452) among the country's 160 Catholic sees, or bishoprics. Boston, with 401, ranks third. In terms of the Catholic population served by its parishes, New York ranks third in the U.S. The fact testifies to the vitality of Catholicism within the en-

"... With parish and non-parish assets of more than \$750 million, Cooke's archdiocese remains land-rich but cash-poor ..."

tire metropolitan area. For twenty years, white Catholics have been deserting the urban parishes of the New York archdiocese, largely in favor of Queens and residential Long Island. In part as a result of this exodus, the Diocese of Brooklyn, including Queens, has become the seventh-largest diocese in the country. Indeed, the Diocese of Rockville Centre, carved out of Brooklyn only fourteen years ago to cover suburban and exurban Long Island, is now the tenth-largest. Yet, while thousands of white Catholics have been moving out of New York, other thousands, most of them Puerto Rican or black, have been moving in. So despite profound changes in the ethnic composition of the faithful, New York still is a tremendous center of the faith: there are 1.8 million Catholics in the archdiocese.

The parish, of course, is the basic ecclesiastical unit of the Catholic Church. More important for our purposes, the parish is also the basic legal and economic unit. This makes it almost meaningless to think in terms of the total wealth of the archdiocese. Cardinal Cooke, like every Catholic bishop, does control the assets of all of the parishes of his see. And the "New York System" of interlocking parish and diocesan corporations, all headed by the bishop, has for 60 years been the standard vehicle of episcopal control in the U.S. church. But the cardinal's legal control of parish assets doesn't give him the right to call up a pastor and demand all the cash in the parish checking account. Nor, even if he wanted to, can Cooke arbitrarily liquidate the real estate holdings of a parish. To do so, he must comply with civil legal procedures on the one hand and, on the other, with the much more complex procedures enjoined on him by the canon laws of the church. And a pastor whose fiefdom is endangered by the need—or the greed—of his bishop can be a formidable opponent indeed.

In drawing a picture of the wealth of the church in New York—or anywhere else—the first thing to keep in mind is that the parishes, not the archdiocesan treasury, contain the bulk of the assets. Parish assets in turn consist almost entirely of what realtors call "single-use institutional property." To understand the problem, peer over Cardinal Cooke's shoulder at the zealously guarded figures the chancery compiles from the financial reports the individual parish pastors submit every year. In 1970, the total assets of the 407 par-

ishes amounted to almost \$560 million. Of this huge sum, however, \$518.4 million represented the value of parish land, buildings and equipment. The parishes held another \$20.7 million in cash, \$23 million in loan notes (we'll deal with these later) and less than \$1 million in securities. In brief, only about 8 per cent of all parish wealth was liquid wealth. The balance was, and still is, frozen solid in the form of churches, rectories, schools, convents and the grounds on which these stand.

The situation repeats itself when Cooke turns the page to appraise his non-parochial "wealth." As a rule, Catholic dioceses own relatively little property directly; they function mainly as administrative centers for the parishes. New York is thus atypical, because here the chancery does control considerable property. Some it owns in its own right, some it holds by virtue of the archbishop's legal interest in various subsidiary corporations. Among the most notable properties are the twelve archdiocesan high schools, the Catholic Charities Building at 122 East 22nd Street (which is currently up for sale), the Villard Mansions themselves and, of course, Saint Patrick's Cathedral and the residences in its precincts. The archdiocese also owns its own major seminary, St. Joseph's, in Yonkers, a \$12-million property, and Cathedral College on West End Avenue in Manhattan, a preparatory school for seminarians. Indeed, a complete list of chancery real-estate holdings would be a long one. But with only a single exception, these holdings are institutional properties used entirely for religious, educational and charitable purposes. The one exception is the Sperry & Hutchinson Building at 330 Madison Avenue near 42nd Street, an unprofitable 1967 venture in commercial property ownership which the chancery now regrets ever having made. Harry Helmsley, who owns a few Manhattan buildings himself, has been quoted as saying, "There is no way for the church to come out in good shape" on the S & H sale and lease-back. Another realtor has said, "John Reynolds [the archdiocesan real-estate broker] better see to it that the cardinal gets lots of Green Stamps."

So when Cooke reviews his archdiocesan holdings, he finds himself in much the same position as his own pastors: better-off in bricks and mortar than in ready money. In 1970, the non-parochial real estate owned directly or indirectly by the Archbishop of New

York (the legal title of the archdiocese) was worth about \$105 million. (The high school properties alone were valued at \$51.9 million.) True, the chancery's cash, accounts receivable and securities holdings added up to another \$97.4 million. But these "liquid" assets were far less liquid than they seem to be. Of the \$97.4 million, \$76.4 million took the form of cash mortgage loans made in past years to individual parishes. Because only a fraction of this sum would be recoverable in any one year, calling the whole \$76.4 million a liquid asset is, to say the least, optimistic. More realistic accounting, in fact, leaves the cardinal with \$21 million worth of cash and marketable securities as his liquid assets. And Cooke is the first to agree that his archdiocese, with parish and non-parish assets of more than \$750 million, is land-rich but cash-poor.

If you take for granted the investment prowess of the church, the small amount of archdiocesan assets invested in stocks and bonds will undoubtedly startle you. Yet the chancery, with all of Catholic Wall Street a subway ride away, uses the trust departments of two banks, The Manufacturers Hanover Trust and Bankers Trust, to manage its portfolios. And, astonishingly, the total value of the portfolios is around \$15 million, not the \$50 million or \$100 million you might expect. Monsignor Joseph P. Murphy, vice-chancellor and treasurer of the archdiocese, confirms these facts and figures. Moreover, Murphy says, "We get less than \$300,000 of income a year from commercial investments." Although the chancery does not make its portfolios public, most of these investments are in conservative industries such as foods, transportation, chemicals and insurance.

Also, certain diocesan institutions do own investments independent of the chancery. The most important of these are Catholic Charities of New York, Inc., St. Joseph's Seminary and the Trustees of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Inc. (which holds legal title to the two big archdiocesan cemeteries, Gate of Heaven and Calvary). But these investments, worth perhaps another \$10 million in all, belong to restricted endowment funds or cemetery perpetual care funds. Neither the principal sums nor their earnings are available to the chancery money men.

Most archdiocesan investment activity, Murphy points out, is not buying and selling for gain but the conversion into cash of securities given or be-

queathed to the archdiocese. In a typical year, gifts and bequests will total about \$5 million, much of it in stocks and bonds. As quickly as the market permits, the chancery liquidates the securities it receives. "Today especially," Murphy says, "we need the cash."

By far the biggest "investment" the chancery handles is actually not an investment at all. Rather, it's the by-product of an operation originally aimed at freeing the parishes and the chancery from debt. The Reciprocal Loan Fund is a chancery-run internal mortgage bank. At the behest of the archbishop, pastors whose parishes are generating surpluses ignore their local savings banks. Instead, they turn over their extra funds to the chancery, which then lends the money to pastors who need new physical facilities but who lack the dollars to pay for them. Depositors in the Reciprocal Loan Fund earn 4 per cent annual interest. Borrowers are charged 4.5 per cent. The half-point "spread" is kept by the chancery (which simply adds the money to the kitty). Under this ingenious arrangement, everybody is happy. Pastors who put in money gain maximum safety and a poor return, but it's for the good of the church. Borrowing pastors obtain the financing they need at rates far lower than they'd pay a bank or other

commercial lender—and without worry about foreclosure. And by monitoring closely every parish building and renovation project, the chancery can control both construction costs and total debt. Over the 30 years of its operation, the Loan Fund has proven an invaluable tool of archdiocese financial management. Indeed, when requests for loans outstripped deposits in 1968, the chancery sold off one of its choicest assets, the rights to royalties on Listerine (a gift from members of the Lambert family) and added the proceeds, worth \$25.5 million, to the Fund. Currently, the parishes maintain \$23 million worth of deposits in the Fund. These are the "notes" mentioned earlier. Adding to this sum the proceeds of the Listerine sale and other receipts, the chancery has lent \$76.4 million to needy parishes.

Like so much else in the New York archdiocese, the Reciprocal Loan Fund owes its existence to Cooke's predecessor, Cardinal Francis Joseph Spellman. Spellman's reasons for starting the Fund had less to do with administrative convenience than they did with problems of credit. When he succeeded Cardinal Hayes as archbishop in April, 1939, Spellman was dismayed to discover that the parishes and other in-

stitutions of the archdiocese were \$28 million in debt. On the very day of his formal installation, in fact, the Emigrant Savings Bank, which had issued the loans, brought the situation to his attention in a none-too-gentle letter. Spellman was furious at this *lèse-majesté*, and he determined then and there to free the archdiocese from dependence on the Emigrant or any other external source of money. His first move was to refinance the existing debt, which even during the Depression cost the archdiocese 6 per cent a year. In New York, Seward Prosser of Bankers Trust offered him \$10 million for ten years at 2.5 per cent, and Spellman went back to his home town, Boston, for the rest. It took him just 60 days to cut his interest costs by half a million dollars a year. Then he put pressure on his pastors to begin paying off their outstanding principals. By 1943, the archdiocese owed the banks almost nothing, and as the finishing touch Spellman set up the Reciprocal Loan Fund to internalize all future lending and borrowing. To this day, the archdiocese and its institutions are completely free of outside debt.

Spellman loved to apply novel management ideas to archdiocesan governance, especially when these would strengthen chancery control over the



“... ‘Bingo,’ one pastor explained, ‘is a sign that the parish can’t keep its head above water. It’s a confession of defeat.’...”

parishes. The Loan Fund concept he borrowed from its inventor, Archbishop John J. Mitty of San Francisco, who developed it to rid his archdiocese of enslavement to the Bank of America. Spellman also set up a centralized insurance service, first hiring one insurance broker, Corroon & Reynolds (now Corroon & Black) to design uniform plans and cut costs and later establishing an insurance office run by priests in the chancery. Spellman’s Archdiocesan Service Corporation handles maintenance contracts on institutional property. And the Institutional Commodity Service is a central purchasing office for everything from altar wines to automobile tires that a pastor in New York might need.

Like all Catholic bishops, Spellman believed devoutly that the only investment that has real merit for the church is the investment in ecclesiastical real estate: in the churches, the schools, the hospitals, the homes for the aged and the other physical facilities in which Catholics may worship, learn and be healed. Back in 1947, he brought a luncheon meeting of building-trade contractors and union officials cheering to its feet with a promise to “build anew” the Archdiocese of New York. How well he kept his promise can be measured by the rise in the value of combined parish and archdiocesan realty, from \$100 million when Spellman took over in 1939 to more than \$600 million at his death in December, 1967. Some of the increase was a paper increase, the result of upward revisions in property appraisals. But most was real. Especially during the two postwar decades of his reign, Spellman and his hierarchy added \$475-million worth of new plant to the archdiocesan inventory.

To finance this remarkable expansion, Spellman exploited his genius for fund-raising. Curiously, few Catholic bishops are good at this vital but unpopular task. Most leave the job of raising extra money to their pastors, to the specialists who run the diocesan Catholic Charities corporations and to lay professionals who in turn complain bitterly that the bishops refuse to participate. Spellman was an exception. He, too, left local building drives to his pastors and institutional administrators. But he gave them pep-talks, fired them with enthusiasm and bestowed his personal blessings on their efforts (and on their contributors). His own specialty was the large-scale gift which could kick off a building cam-

paign, publicize a cause and stimulate lesser givers. His Cardinal’s Committee for the Laity brought together rich Catholics and non-Catholics in an atmosphere like that of the potlatches, the giving competitions, of the Kwakiutl Indians. Years before the church got caught up in ecumenism Spellman was practicing it on behalf of the archdiocese. For big Catholic contributors, his friendships in Rome could produce medals, papal decorations and memberships in the Vatican orders of nobility. For non-Catholics, his stress on the nonsectarian nature of the archdiocesan charitable and welfare programs proved persuasive—and released Catholic contributions for use on specifically Catholic projects. Indeed, Spellman’s success at raising money from Jewish New Yorkers prompted a key organizer for the U.J.A. to say enviously, “Ah, Spellman was the greatest *shnorrer* [beggar] of us all.”

Even after his death, Spellman’s magic still works on Jewish donors. In honor of his friend the cardinal, Lewis S. Rosenstiel, retired board chairman of Schenley Industries, whose personal fortune is estimated at \$70 million, gave the Spellman Memorial Foundation \$3.5 million in 1968. And just last February, Henry J. Gaisman, the 101-year-old former head of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, donated \$2.25 million to the archdiocese. Gaisman is another wealthy Jewish entrepreneur who “thought very highly” of Spellman. His gift was made so that the chancery could acquire the unit of the Villard Mansions owned and, until 1970, occupied by Random House, Inc. The archdiocese now does own the entire blockfront between 50th and 51st Streets on Madison Avenue’s east side.

Spellman would have loved that acquisition; the Villard Mansions were his special pride and joy. But by the time he died, Madison Avenue real estate deals were the least of the chancery’s concerns. Years before Spellman’s death, in fact, there were signs that the archdiocesan economy was overstrained and headed for trouble.

One such indicator was the rising tide of bingo.

For many reasons, pastors despise bingo. First of all, bingo, however pious its sponsorship, is organized gambling. Priests are taught that gambling is sinful. Secondly, bingo brings into the parish numbers of outsiders, “floaters” who follow the game from church hall to church hall on the different nights

of the week. This disturbs the parish routine. Finally, bingo is degrading. As one pastor explained his own feelings about it, “Bingo is a sign the parish can’t keep its head above water. It’s a confession of defeat.”

Nevertheless, the church lobbied in favor of bingo during the years of battle in Albany to make it legal. And when bingo finally was legalized in 1959, some Catholic parishes in New York, perhaps 60 out of the 407, began to sponsor regular sessions. In the early days, pastors could use the “auxiliary income” from bingo (and from bazaars, cake sales, dances and similar events) solely to help pay for the physical expansion of the parish. What chancery accountants term “ordinary income,” the income from Sunday and Holy Day collections, Mass stipends and other fees payable to the parish priests, was adequate to cover the ordinary operating expenses of the church and rectory on the one hand and the school on the other.

But by 1964, the pattern had begun to change. That year, the ordinary income of the parishes totaled \$37.6 million, an increase of 30 per cent over the total for 1959. Yet this increased amount fell short by \$1.4 million of meeting rapidly rising church and school expenses for the year. In violation of official policy, some parochial schools were forced to make tuition charges. Auxiliary income, which in 1964 amounted to \$13.1 million (about \$8 million of it in bingo proceeds), was much more than enough to cover the ordinary income-expense difference. But no longer could all of the extra income from “bingo and bazaars” be put into new bricks and mortar, or else be applied by the chancery to Loan Fund debt.

The year of real shock was 1967, the year of Spellman’s death. By then, the reverberations of the Second Vatican Council were being felt in every parish and diocese of the U.S. church, and pressures other than economic pressures were preoccupying the bishops and the chancery officials. But even if the cardinal had been able to devote himself entirely to the economic problems of the archdiocese, it’s unlikely that he could have solved them. On the surface, things looked normal enough. Ordinary parish income for 1967 totaled \$39.6 million, up \$3 million from the total in 1964. Auxiliary income, too, was higher, totaling \$16.2 million. And church and rectory expenses, though they had risen to \$28.3 million, posed no serious threat to the financial strength

of the archdiocese. Had there been no parochial schools in 1967, the parishes would have been ahead for the year by an incredible \$27.5 million. But of course there were schools; and in the three years since 1964, the operating expenses of the schools had shot upward by 40 per cent, to \$20.1 million. So instead of being a source of extra funds for building or for debt retirement, the bazaars-and-bingo auxiliary income was by 1967 a vitally important element of basic financial support.

Significantly, by the end of 1967, half of the parishes in Manhattan and the Bronx and one-third of the parishes in Richmond and the other areas of the archdiocese were sponsoring bingo at least once a week.

Even though school expenses were

soaking up so much parish income, the parishes were by no means in the red. On the contrary, they were \$7.5 million in the black. However, in 1967 the parishes also spent a total of \$19.8 million on plant expansion and renovation. Only the fact that they could borrow \$11.8 million from the Reciprocal Loan Fund enabled them to approach the break-even point. During the last months of Spellman's reign, he must have realized that expansion and education costs were endangering the economy of the richest archdiocese in the world.

A few months before Spellman died, he determined to do something about the problems of the parochial schools. He began to put together a Cardinal's Committee on Education for the Arch-

diocese of New York, with the intent of publicizing the school crisis and of enlisting the support of New Yorkers, Catholic and non-Catholic, for parochial education. Spellman also endorsed from the pulpit of Saint Patrick's Cathedral the proposed revision of the New York State Constitution that would do away with the Blaine Amendment outlawing state aid to church-related schools. His death came only three weeks after the voters of New York had rejected, by a two-to-one margin, the proposed constitutional change.

Almost the first major administrative act of Spellman's successor was the formal announcement, in April, 1968, that a committee had been convened to advise on the school problems of the archdiocese. The committee roster naturally included some figurehead names. It was hard to believe, for instance, that Robert Goheen of Princeton and James Perkins of Cornell could spare much time from their own troubled campuses to devote to the Catholic schools of New York. Or that Cyrus Vance would desert the Paris peace talks to lend his lawyer's shrewdness to Archbishop Cooke (who was not yet a cardinal). But also on the committee were such educational activists as Edythe Gaines of the New York City Board of Education and Sister Mary Emil Penet, I.H.M., a leader in improving the teaching skills of nuns across the country. Interestingly, not named to the committee were Spellman's appointees to the senior posts in the chancery's Education Bureau.

Nor did Cooke nominate Spellman's two most trusted lay financial advisers, John A. Coleman, head of a specialist firm on Wall Street and a director of Manufacturers Hanover Trust, and John J. Reynolds, the real-estate broker. Instead, Cooke assembled his own group of financial consultants. As chairman of the entire committee, he appointed T. Murray McDonnell, head of McDonnell & Co., Inc. and a personal friend (McDonnell's brokerage firm was forced into liquidation in 1970, but he remains active in the investment field). Other members of the finance group were J. Edward Lundy of the Ford Motor Company, Paul McDonald, an investment counsel to many Catholic religious communities, and Dan W. Lufkin, a non-Catholic who was board chairman of Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, one of the best of the Wall Street asset management firms.

After a promising initial session, the Committee on Education gathered a large staff to do the actual field-work in six or seven broad areas of educational research. But then, the committee became more and more entangled in its own very expensive bureaucracy. Dur-



"...Without present state subsidies, or a miracle, Cooke will have to begin large-scale closings of the schools..."

ing the summer of 1968, for example, one subcommittee and key members of the research staff wasted weeks struggling over a totally superfluous "statement of the aims and goals of Catholic education." In October, six months after being given the job, the staff director, Dr. Robert B. Binswanger of Harvard, resigned. Interference by McDonnell and by "outsiders," Binswanger claimed, was jeopardizing the entire study. In particular, Binswanger's plans to have a group of economic experts survey archdiocesan financial resources had been rejected.

When Binswanger quit, most of the staff work ground to a halt, and the committee itself virtually ceased to function. The one task that was completed, however, more than justified the effort and the expense of the whole frustrating affair. This was a separate financial survey, quietly conducted by a few staff members with the cooperation of chancery officials. The survey analyzed in detail the fiscal problems of the schools and the parishes and related these problems to archdiocesan finance in its entirety. To produce the survey report, the researchers obtained chancery permission to computerize all of the financial data contained in the yearly reports filed by pastors. No such consolidation had ever before been attempted in the New York archdiocese. (Indeed, until 1970, when the chancery leased a Univac Model 9400 from Sperry Rand, the only computer in the whole archdiocese was an IBM 1407 at Cardinal Hayes High School in the Bronx. This was used to train students in commercial-diploma classes.)

In part because the data used were inexact and incomplete and in part because the survey report contained some alarmist conclusions, Cardinal Cooke has never made public the results of the financial survey. (Among other disturbing conclusions, the report stated that if current trends continued, the school operating deficit might reach \$31.4 million per year by 1972.) But the impact of the report on Cooke's thinking about finance has been profound. On the negative side, the entire committee episode, especially the controversy over the issue of financial analysis, convinced him that the chancery needed professional competence—and discreetness—rather than amateurishness in the fight to deal with money problems. On the positive side, the wealth of information that did emerge from the financial survey persuaded Cooke that the primitive accounting and

money-management of the Spellman era (and for that matter, of the church in general) could be, and had to be, revolutionized. Only then could Cooke's chancery grapple with the substantive problems masked by the traditional ways.

Spellman, certainly, never had been the administrative genius he was presumed to be. Paul McDonald told me that "Spellman literally ran the archdiocese out of his bottom desk drawer. If a pastor's report showed the parish was in the black, the cardinal dropped it in the drawer and forgot about it. If the parish was in the red, Spellman would call the pastor in for a talk. 'Have you tried bazaars, Father?' he'd ask. 'What about bingo?' If all else failed, he'd give the pastor some money." By 1967, these archdiocesan subsidies of faltering parishes were costing the chancery \$1.27 million a year.

To blame the underlying money problems of the archdiocese entirely on Spellman's last-hurrah informality is, of course, absurd. Neither Spellman nor any other human agency is responsible for the steady decline in the number of sisters available to teach in the schools. Or for the need of the sisters who remain for more money than the \$1,500 each was being paid in 1967. (This year, the stipend is \$3,600, and even nuns who take vows of poverty are unable to make ends meet.) Nor is it Spellman's fault, or Cooke's or anyone's, that the number of lay teachers in the schools has doubled over the past ten years. (Of the 4,500 teachers, 2,300 are lay teachers.) How could Spellman have kept the total payroll for the laymen and laywomen, \$1.5 million in 1958, from climbing to its present level of nearly \$12 million? "God is doing some of this to us," a school official said to me a few weeks ago, "and inflation isn't helping a damn bit, either."

So Cardinal Cooke's financial administration in New York became, and remains, a race against time, against the decay of the dollar and, just possibly, against the will of the Lord.

Cooke is doing the best he can to reverse the downhill slide. After absorbing into the Education Bureau the most talented of the lay researchers the committee had hired (and after quietly removing most of Spellman's appointees), Cooke did call in the professionals. His choice, enthusiastically endorsed by the treasurer's office, was the accounting firm of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Company, one of the biggest

accountants in the country. Peat, Marwick had already done a good deal of work on the books of the church, in local dioceses and in Washington, D.C. In addition to being accountants, moreover, Peat, Marwick offered management-consulting services of the type Cooke was seeking. As a result of Peat, Marwick's presence in the chancery—and of the toil of Msgr. Joseph P. Murphy and his tiny staff—much has changed in the money-management area. An Educational Budgeting Office now monitors the flow of cash from the parishes into the schools, and separates definitively church expenses from school expenses (a vital first move in the current campaign for more state aid). Financial studies of groups of parishes are pinpointing the crucial areas of need and locating the few but important pockets of prosperity in the archdiocese. The computer, desperately needed but never used by the chancery, is now being fed accurate data, so that simulations and projections will be realistic.

In an effort of his own to publicize the plight of the church and to demythologize the financial image of the archdiocese, Cooke released, in April 1969, the first official financial report in New York's history. The report, in essence a general statement of income and expenses, revealed that, independent of the parishes, the archdiocese brought in \$19.7 million of its own during 1968. High school and seminary tuition charges accounted for \$4.4 million of the total; the Catholic Charities drive produced \$3.8 million; assessment of individual parishes yielded \$3 million; and "income from marketable investments, royalties and interest on notes receivable [by the Loan Fund]" provided another \$3 million. All of the money, however, was committed in advance. The educational, welfare and spiritual activities of the archdiocese, in fact, absorbed nearly \$21 million. The chancery had to add to the \$14.2 million worth of ordinary income listed above the \$5.5 million in charitable gifts and bequests it also received in 1968 to come close to breaking even. To balance the budget, Cooke's aides had to dip into the chancery's slender securities portfolio.

Deliberately, Cooke let the report speak for itself. He added no personal comment and sought no heavy publicity. (He did not, for instance, use the report to launch a major fund drive in support of the parochial schools.) But he had placed himself on record—as

much for the benefit of his brother bishops as for the sake of New Yorkers—as being willing to publicize the supposedly secret finances of the church.

Since then, Cooke has taken a number of further steps. In October, 1969, he appointed a special commission of pastors to plan emergency action for the schools. Acting on the commission's recommendations, Cooke then set up a system under which affluent parishes are committed to share their funds with impoverished inner-city congregations. Unrelated to the Loan Fund, this system assesses well-off parishes 5 per cent of their annual ordinary income if they themselves are operating schools, more if they are not saddled with their own school expenses. The chancery announced the plan in April, 1970. With-

in 60 days, initial assessments had reached the million-dollar mark. Given the problems of even the wealthiest parishes, this program can supply no more than stopgap aid. But by starting it, Cooke demonstrated to doubting pastors and the city's civil rights leaders that he would not save rich schools at the price of closing down poor ones.

Cooke has also conducted a skilled holding action in other areas of finance. When the chancery used the Gaisman gift to complete its ownership of the Villard Mansions, in March of this year, most New Yorkers assumed that the Mansions and the property behind them would quickly be resold to a commercial developer. The Villard blockfront had been designated a city landmark; but, landmark or not, the cardinal

needed cash. Last August, however, the chancery announced a very different plan. Instead of selling the Villard properties, they would be leased to a long-term tenant (two banks are currently interested). The chancery itself would be moved to new offices in a \$21.5 million complex at 55th Street and First Avenue, already owned by the church and once the site of St. John the Evangelist Church. Sharing the facilities would be the Catholic Charities corporation and the new Cathedral High School for girls. The funds for the move would be the proceeds from the sale of the present Catholic Charities Building and the \$8.5 million Samuel Rudin paid in 1969 for the present Cathedral High property at 50th Street and Lexington Avenue.

Everybody is pleased with this arrangement. Harmon Goldstone of the Landmarks Preservation Commission is delighted that the Villard Mansions will probably not be demolished. Chancery officials are looking forward to quarters less crowded, less costly and more efficient, if less grandiose, than those they now occupy. The new school will be located blocks away from the *melee* of Lexington Avenue. Even the city is happy. As Monsignor James P. Mahoney of the chancery is not slow to point out, the deal means that "three important pieces of real estate" will return to New York City's property tax rolls.

Yet for all of its ingenuity, the move is a defensive one. It represents the diminution of almost the last marketable realty assets the archdiocese owns in Manhattan. And the money is already committed to new bricks and mortar. Meanwhile, the problems remain. Last spring, Cooke pledged to his pastors that every school then scheduled to reopen in September would reopen. He has made good on his pledge, at a cost to the chancery which only the cardinal and his treasurer really know. But next year is upon him and three-quarters of a billion dollars tied up in realty won't help Cooke meet any payrolls. The Supreme Court decisions of last August have killed, for now, the hope of direct state or federal aid. Present state subsidies may be unconstitutional. And the Gary Report, a 540-page study just released by the State Board of Regents, says that state aid to a sagging Catholic school establishment would be throwing bad money after good. If the governor believes Louis Gary, Cooke will have no choice. He will begin large-scale closings of the schools. His skills as an administrator and his candor about money are no longer enough. He really could use a miracle. And because we ourselves will have to bear much of the price of school-closings, we could probably use a miracle, too.



How To Find a House in the Country You Can't Afford

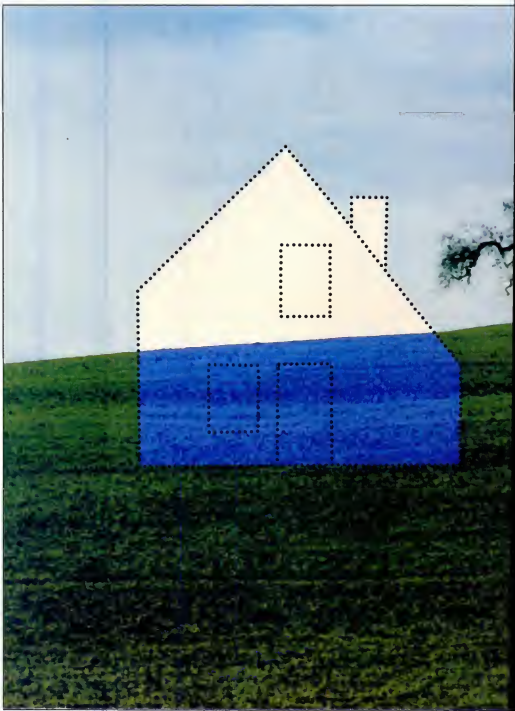
By Jane O'Reilly

"...This year the leaf peekers with New York license plates aren't settling for leaves. They want the deeds to those leaves..."

When I am 85 years old I will finally settle down, full of wisdom, and write great books while seated in the garden window of my Colonial farmhouse on the top of my mountain in Vermont. In reality, nothing short of the Black Plague or nuclear war will lower prices enough to allow me to buy a farmhouse now, or perhaps ever, because I am not the only one who seeks an escape from present responsibilities in an improbably verdant vision of the future. A land-buying craze has settled over the country, a sense of the real closing of the last frontier, and because there are too many people, some of them with too much money, and most of them with too little sense, the future will not work out the way we hope it will. We are about to mess it all up. Again.

It is, at least, reassuring that people have some faith in the possibility of a future. "We must buy some land in the country," they say—not want, or would like to buy, but *must, need*—because "it's for the kids. It's a hedge against inflation. It's a good investment. There won't be any land left in a few years." The less clearly articulated reasons—also having to do with the future—are psychological. America's greatness sprang from the land and the second chance will come from the land, from the country where the air is clean and trees are seasonally green, where people live according to the cycles of nature and are undeformed by the cities. Owning a place in the country is a hedge against the future, a chance for personal reincarnation.

Everyone wants to own his private national forest, especially middle-class New Yorkers who feel vaguely silly about calling a seventh-story apartment "home." I cannot really blame them. The particular place I want is Rock Hill. I sit up there and survey, sniffing the air as crisp and clear as a mountain brook, noticing the frost on the pumpkin and Mother Nature's scarlet mantle



flung across the sugar maples. Far below me, Pawlet nestles into the Vermont hills, the Mettawee River and Flower Brook run together, and I see Uncle Rude driving his Scout into town to check on the action. Uncle Gib's cider mill is squashing away day and night, and way up on the opposite hill I can see Dot Rizzon picking the last of the pears to freeze for pies. At eleven o'clock on Sunday morning one of the two church bells will ring. People will be coming into the store for the *Sunday Times*, and Charlie Shinn will be doing a land-office business in homemade doughnuts at the coffee shop. The corn has been cut in the valley, and if I sit still enough some deer will come down the hill looking for apples.

Our Town—a bit mawkish, like the original, but it brings a tear to the eye. From Rock Hill I can watch the patterns of life in the valley, and I can see the leaf-peekers with New York license plates driving through, peeking in earnest this year. It won't be enough to take home a branch of autumn leaves to press between wax paper. This year they want the deed to those leaves. They want a part of the community, and—they say—to be a part of it. They will be out searching this weekend, all the way from Maine to upstate New York and around and down to Maryland, all looking for the same kinds of property and all discovering the same sad truths.

There are five real estate offices and sixteen licensed brokers and salesmen

in Pawlet—the population of the village is perhaps 200. It is funny that I should use the phrase land-office business, because the business in the town is land. Manchester, ten miles away, has 54 brokers and salesmen, and Dorset, six miles away, has twenty. The office in Pawlet I know best, because I happen to live with the owner, is the green one by the mill dam with a bullfrog painted on the side. John S. Mach, like all dealers in country property, is becoming an expert in the art of gentle disillusionment.

Buyers always need a little introduction to the realities of the marketplace on their first time out, and Pawlet gets more than its share of neophytes. Vermont is the prime charismatic word to root-seekers, and Pawlet is on the main line from New York—just drive straight up the Taconic, then up Route 22, and cut east. It is near civilization (Manchester) but four and a half hours away from New York, which seems the outer limit. And so they drive in and stop. Nice town. Prosperous farms. Visions of town meetings and a plum tree of abandoned farms dance in their heads.

A young couple in a Volkswagen would like a house with a bathroom and central heat and 25 acres overlooking Stratton Mountain ski area—for \$5,000—total.

A Golden Age couple, as they are known in the business, want a house with some land they can subdivide for retirement years. Preferably with some lake frontage.

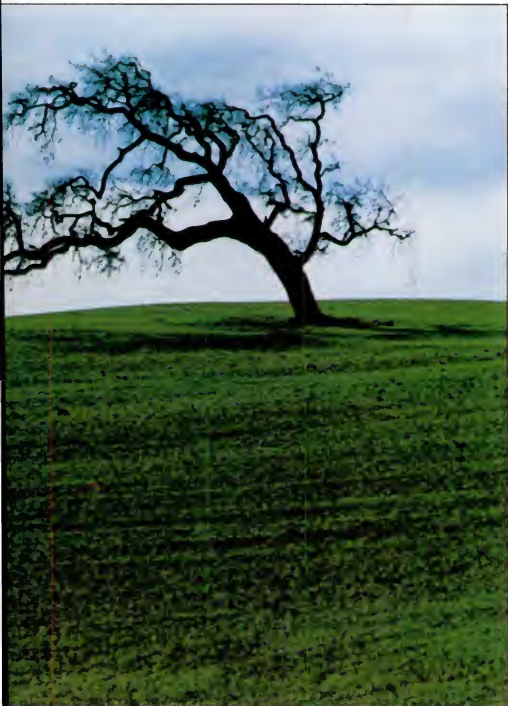
A doctor, traveling without his wife, wants a working farm. He also wants a tenant farmer to run the farm so his kids can come up in the summer and taste milk fresh from his own cows. "I want to take my children by the hand and walk all Sunday morning without coming to a fence," he says, taking an impractical view of a working farm.

A stockbroker, acting as an agent for a group of pals—the Wednesday afternoon squash-and-land-investment club—wants a large tract of land for investment. Bonds are safe but boring, and "you can't manufacture more land," he says—the fourth person to think up that maxim today.

A bus full of longhairs, as they are known locally, want a farm to fix up, with enough land to subsist on and enough seclusion for nude sunbathing.

They have all looked in the real estate sections for the perfect ad, which would read:

VERMONT restorable Colonial: fireplaces, wide board floors, stone walls, barn and outbuildings. Woods and meadows, brook, pond site, views. Town-maintained road. Seclusion. Close to skiing. 200 acres. \$15,000. Terms negotiable.





\$6,000

On one acre in West Rupert, Vt. House is in very poor shape, needs total renovation.



\$125,000

On ten acres with horse barn, magnificent views in Danby, Vt.; owner refused \$85,000.



\$23,500

Plain farmhouse in Middletown Springs, Vt.; with two- or three-acre plot near Route 133.

Gently, gently, they are informed. In Manchester, restored Colonials are going for \$75,000 with five acres. "Colonial," in these parts, means old farmhouse, not semi-Palladian mansion with six kinds of hand-carved woodwork. In Dorset, the state transfer tax office reports, it is no longer unusual to see land changing hands for over \$100,000. Land in ski areas has been rising in value 5 to 6 per cent a month; statewide, land prices are rising 1.5 to 2 per cent a month. Those numbers do not mean land is actually turning over at any great rate. It means that when it sells, it sells high, and the new price becomes the new bottom price. Vermonters don't lower the asking price when they get a lower bid, they raise it. Nor do those numbers mean the brokers are getting rich. Real estate men from all over the Northeast are reporting "soft" summers. "Lots of interest, very little buying." There are, for example, only 6 million acres of land in Vermont, and very little for sale. The scarcity of land, the growing number of brokers sharing the same limited number of transactions, plus the state of the economy—these factors have kept down actual sales despite the hysteria to acquire.

The young couple with \$5,000 have to be told that raw land overlooking Stratton is going for \$16,000 to \$25,000 an acre. And that there is not a house, a livable house, even without land, for sale for \$5,000 in the state of Vermont or, for that matter, in the northeastern United States. If there is such a house, it will have some uncozy features—like blasting in a quarry across the road. Feel for the young couple. Feel, if you must, for the Stratton Corp., which will limit lift ticket sales next

year to 4,500 a day in the hope of luring the skiers back to the money window, while the skiers, who are tired of waiting two hours in lift lines, have happily taken up cross-country skiing. Feel for the farmer, who held on to his rocky unproductive hillside for generations, who bought abandoned land after the war for 50 cents an acre, and who now, because he is on an access road to a ski slope, is being assessed at market value, and his taxes are more than his net profit. He will have to sell—in fact, why shouldn't he sell and finally see profit—but where will he go to live?

There is a critical housing shortage in rural areas. Village houses in southern Vermont are going for \$20,000 and up. Some new zoning laws, beloved of the outsider who wants Vermont to stay just the way it is—from the moment of his purchase—require two-acre plots as a minimum outside of town and forbid trailers (which are ugly outside but comfortable inside, and can be financed like a car.) Feel for the State of Vermont, dependent on property taxes, trying to work out new land-use tax policies and planning schemes which will certainly meet with bitter local opposition. Feel for the town of Winhall, which receives little of the tax money from Stratton Mountain condominiums, but most of the sewage outflow into its watershed. Feel for the Southern Vermont Conservation Society, trying to persuade the town, the state, the country, and the world that a watershed is not a region defined by political boundaries, but an ecological miracle which can be destroyed—by clearing hilltops for ski trails, for example—but never replaced.

The Golden Age couples are introduced to the notion of living in the village, where good, sound houses are too expensive for natives and undesirable to summer people. "Cheap" property with water frontage is going for one hundred dollars a foot. Subdividing land is now governed by laws demanding topographical studies, percolation tests, and roads that make private development too expensive and complicated. Probably a good thing, but hard on the farmer who wants to sell off two or three parcels to keep the home farm going. His son, if he wants a farm of his own, cannot afford to buy one.

The doctor has read in *Medical Economics* that land is the place to invest his money. The fact that his wife has declined to look with him indicates a certain family conflict. The number of divorces during renovation is privately observed as high. The doctor learns that a profitable farm is not for sale, and therefore he would be paying the tenant farmer the difference. No one makes money now by laying or cutting wood, and farmers who are paid by the government to farm are in California or are United States senators. The city farmer and the longhair have a romantic notion that farming is good. But it isn't leisurely and it isn't even a very good tax deduction. Cows need to be milked twice a day, every day, and even at subsistence levels a cow costs \$400; a modern barn and equipment costs \$150,000. Two or three years ago there were 15,000 farms in Vermont. Now there are 6,000.

The longhairs are actually rather popular newcomers, replacing the summer people (who have lost their good habits of paying their taxes and minding their business) in the affections of



\$110,000

On eight secluded acres in Dorset, Vt.; 24-foot living room, four baths, two fireplaces.



\$27,500

Old barn on sixteen acres with excellent views, in Pawlet, Vt.; spring on property.



\$30,000

Eight-year-old ranch house on one acre in Pawlet, Vt.; attractive basement game room.

the natives. There are, of course, questions asked. How can a bunch of weird-looking kids get together \$60,000 for a farm? From their parents, it turns out, or from their years spent working as respectable journalists, teachers, and film editors. What about their hygienic and sexual arrangements?—a question which is rarely asked about the natives, however relevant it might be. The longhairs serve as useful scapegoats, being blamed for all local thefts, drug traffic, and welfare-cost rises. But on the whole it is now recognized that the kids care about the land, are struggling with ideas of community, and in the north—where most of the communes are—the town fathers have had to *urge* participation in local politics. “They say they are apolitical, but I tell them if they don’t do it someone else will,” reports a legislator from the Northeast Kingdom. Nude sunbathing will, however, give the broker who sold them the land a bad name.

As for the ideal advertisement, end all hopes. “Ask any broker and he’ll tell you he can’t find enough family-size Colonial houses in prime condition with modern equipment in the midst of ten acres of ‘country’ for, say, \$50,000—a typical dream deal. But by being more realistic now and accepting less for your \$50,000 you may approach your goal over a period of years,” reports *Country Property News*, published by Investment Dealers’ Digest, 150 Broadway, New York. On the weekend of October 2, Investment Dealers’ Digest ran a two-day seminar called “How to Buy Country Property for Pleasure and Profit” at the New York Hilton, covering everything from where to buy to real estate syndicates. It cost \$25 a person and was, not sur-

prisingly, well attended. They plan another in late January.

But wait a minute. \$50,000!!!! By my standards that means there is nothing left. At that price only the wrong people can afford to buy. And the wrong people are the ones who describe everyone else as “the wrong kind of people.” There has to be *something*.

The broker urges plucky clients to consider renovating a house. Ten years ago, when the house cost \$3,000, renovating was fun. Neighboring newcomers spent summer after summer discussing rotten sills and septic tanks. The long slow procession of local carpenters introduced one to the local mores. Now the house costs \$15,000 and technology and expectations have wrought changes. “My God,” they say, about the house Aunt Maud has lived in for 30 years, comfortably enough, “it needs \$30,000 to put it in shape.” They mean it needs to have the plaster and clapboards removed so insulation can be put in. It needs central heat and consequent readjustments in the warped boards. It needs a new water system for the two new toilets. And a fireplace. All to be done right *now*. It is usual to jack up the house, and put in a new foundation, but I know a couple who hired a man to whittle little sticks of wood to fill the gaps in the wide board floors. And then, they can’t understand why the taxes, which were \$150 a year, go up to \$500 a year. There is nothing like the sight of Formica in a kitchen to set a lister thinking about reappraisal, especially when he notices that the house and/or land sold for twelve times Aunt Maud’s appraised value.

Southern Vermont, says John Mach, is pretty well picked over. So, do peo-

ple give up in despair and go back to New York and set about saving the city? Not at all. They set their jaw and mutter, “We better get *something*, somewhere, quick before it’s all gone and our children are doomed to a lifetime in the city without title to a single tree.” They go across the street to see what somebody else can tell them. They start thinking about raw land and the joys of camping out until they can build. Maybe twenty acres for \$20,000 is just as nice as 200 for \$20,000. They are asked to consider looking across the border at New York State. Ugh. They want New England. It is true that New York was a feudal system of tenants and patroons until well into the second half of the nineteenth century, but the slightly gray aura it has to a confirmed Vermonter is imaginary and the houses and hills just across the border are really as pretty, and sometimes half the price.

No, they say, putting the children back in the car, if we can’t have Vermont, we’ll take Maine.

So, they drive over to Maine, which is a bit farther than they ever thought of going, but, of course, some day they will want to move permanently to the country, and so. . . They look at shore-front property, doubling in price every year, and most of it unavailable at any price. An island? Going for about \$2,000 an acre—incredible for Maine—and unlivable on and unreachable except in the summer. Inland Maine? Already they are seven hours from New York by car, but there are 200 million people in Bos-Wash. Who knows what the future will bring? Helicopters, interstate highways, data retrieval centers which will let them sit by the hearth and “make decisions.”



\$16,000

Two acres on edge of Pawlet village; house, barns need renovation; brook on property.



\$45,000-\$55,000

Estate sale: village mansion in Middletown Springs; house, barn, pool on twenty acres.



\$16,500

Excellent views, house needs work in Danby Middle Village, Vt. One acre, two-hole privy.

Mt. Vernon, Maine, is a charming town in the middle of the state. In the last couple of years it has been infiltrated by artists and antique dealers. Land sells for \$100 to \$400 an acre—when it sells; most of it is being held off the market in anticipation of higher prices. The pine woods around the town pond have been marked out in lakefront lots. Improved houses in the town are about \$12,000. Compared with the rest of the Northeast, Maine is a fairly good place to look. Ten large corporations—paper companies—own nearly half the land in Maine, which has at least preserved vast wilderness areas. Most of the state is clay or rocky soil, unsuited to development. It is the poorest rural area in the Northeast, and if you are hoping to move there, be sure to take your job along with you. The one valuable item the natives own is land, and they know it. Any bargain will be snapped up by brokers and agents for developers, unless your brother happens to be very neighborly with a retiring farmer and lets you know first.

A good local broker, given the customer's time and faith, can be as good as being first cousin to the farmers in the area.

Brokers spend hundreds of hours finding property, checking deeds, writing letters, pushing lawyers, and getting the eighteenth cousin who owns hunting rights to sign a deed transfer. He is practically like a marriage broker. For every deal that goes through in a month, there are twenty that never work out at all. A broker's commission is hard-earned. But it's all a game to big-city buyers. They dine out at home on stories of the great character they've got working for them up in the coun-

try, and they hang out at the broker's office on weekends talking about their love for the land. And then one day the broker gets a letter saying the farm he has been trying to sell for three years, at an inflated price, has been taken off the market by the prospective seller. A year later he finds out it was sold privately the same week the letter went out—at a loss to the broker of a \$7,000 commission. The broker won't be quite such a good buddy the next time. He starts boning up on lawsuit cases and acquires the lean hungry look of that peculiar breed—the suburban real estate woman.

One day in the summer of 1970 I sat in on a closing in upstate Vermont. The farmer and his wife were young, poor, toothless, and had originally bought their farm for \$40,000; they had financed the whole purchase price through a federally financed mortgage program. They weren't very good farmers, and in the seven years they owned it, the barn had fallen in and the land had acquired dozens of junk cars. It was being sold for \$40,000—for almost 500 acres of woods, fields and brooks. The farmer was getting out with about \$12,000, after debts, more than he had to start with, and now he would have to get a trailer and get a job in the only place that had one in his area—a quarry. He said, "The hard part is, tomorrow I will wake up and I won't own the farm anymore." The buyer, a stalwart young former New York City banker, who had come up to Vermont to start a completely different way of life, spoke warmly about the land. "I've bought it with some friends. We want to hunt and camp and fish on it. I hope I'll have it the rest of my life." A few months later, that same land

was advertised for \$150,000.

If the private buyer experiences some inner qualm at the thought that he may be contributing to a 200 per cent profit, he would do well to check before closing. Town records are the place to start. It may be that his down payment is going directly into the next room, where the farmer who owned the land is receiving it from the brokers as the complete purchase price. The twenty-acre compromise for a building site, when 200 were wanted, may be the back parcel of land that is being bought on a release clause from a developer who bought the whole farm—for that price—and hasn't paid for it yet. It is perfectly legal, but whether it is moral or socially useful is another question. The buyer may not mind, but if he does there will always be another—there are, as I said, far too many people in this country with too much money. Irving Price, president of Hudson Michael Realty in Hudson, New York, says, "They drive up on Wednesday afternoons, come into the office and say they want to invest in land. But hurry, please, because they have to be back in the town for dinner at seven." Rumors—probably unfounded—are building in upstate areas that the Mafia is buying land.

Last summer the most popular folk hero in Maine was the man who was reported to have refused to sell 25 acres for \$250,000 in Machiasport to an oil refinery. But the pressure is growing. Brokers speak of "the market" and "the need." "People have to go somewhere," one told me.

Some of the gunslingers with energy left from the sixties buy tracts of land without even seeing them. They have no idea of the community the land is in, no notion of the people living there,

Getting the Lay of the Land

I assume that everyone looking for land will now assume the correct philosophical attitude, and as a reward I am offering some practical advice, drawn from interviews with real estate brokers, especially Irving Price, president of Hudson Michael Realty in Hudson, New York. Mr. Price's book *Buying Country Property: Pitfalls and Pleasures*, to be published by Harper & Row in January, reveals him as the Ralph Nader of the real estate business, and funny besides.

The best place in the Northeast to look for cheap land—\$100 to \$300 an acre—is anywhere within a hundred miles of the Canadian border. It doesn't really seem like a wilderness up there, except that the sky is very high. For medium-price land, \$300 to \$500 an acre, check the southern tier of New York State and the western Catskills. Nova Scotia—the Bermuda of the North Atlantic—is very cheap, \$100 an acre, but you have to drive halfway to Ireland to get there.

"Wholesale" land, 75 acres or better, is cheaper per acre. Village houses are somewhat underpriced. Land far from electricity is cheaper (as a rule of thumb, figure that it costs \$1,000 a mile to put in a utility line, payable over ten years). Older owners usually cannot bring themselves to ask \$100,000 for something they bought for \$7,500. Avoid towns with spectacular appeal like culture or lakes, or nearby towns. Stay 100 miles from any big cities. Read the local papers, and have a spy—local contacts explain all the exceptions to the expensive rules.

The Broker: Finding the right one is like finding an analyst. Brokers will have listings in other places, and they co-broke. It doesn't cost you any more. If you change the area you want, stick with the broker you like. Be loyal: too many brokers for the broth make bad neighbors, and the ideal client writes first, explaining what he wants, and doesn't waste a weekend of the broker's time on Basic Education. Ideally, clients know what they want.

Looking at the House: Be on time, don't start bargaining for the furniture before you've bought the house, don't make remarks about plastic doilies under TV sets. Say thank you. If it's wrong, say something nice like 'It's lovely but it's too small.' On the way out, don't blow your horn at the tractor or run over a cow. You are not in the jungle, and if you do buy, the natives will never forget how rude you were. While bowing and smiling, look for insulation, water stains on ceilings, wiring, turn on all the spigots and flush all the (putative) toilets. Look for sump pumps. If in doubt, hire a contractor to give an opinion and estimate on plumbing, etc. Double the estimate. In the country, everything is cheaper, but it always has to be done twice.

The Lawyer: City lawyers have introduced professional ideas into regions where 'informality' has long been a method. They demand surveys, title insurance, they question whether someone's timber rights should be carried on into the 21st century. They also antagonize local lawyers, and cannot prod daily when necessary. Exhibit confidence! Join the community—hire it!

Surveys: "From the barn (red) and thence running along the line of Jones (dead)" may not be as accurate as you and the title insurance company might wish. The farmer

will object to having his land surveyed. Get it done, or have it done, anyway, so the inevitable arguments about "More or less" or "as held in possession" can proceed on a scientific basis.

Closing Costs: Surprise! Bring money—enough for the attorneys, title insurance, escrow of taxes and insurance, the broker's commission in Vermont, and any leftover fuel oil the seller may remember at the last minute. Average cost \$1,000 to \$2,000—plus commission.

Water: Have the supply checked for germs, and for existence. Do not close on a property until you are sure there is water—not the kind that has "always run for a hundred years"—it ran without two toilets and a washing machine. Sulphur water is everywhere, you may have your own wood and spa. Lake water as a supply will freeze in winter. Ponds must have water running in and out, otherwise they are swamps. [Buyer: "Can I swim in it?" Broker: "Sure" (*sotto voce*: "if you can swim.")] Distrust any mention of ever-running springs.

Property Taxes: They will rise after you buy the property. Go and discuss the case with the local assessors. Do not go in a Cadillac. Do sound as though you plan to live permanently in the town and vote Republican. You might save 20 per cent. It is always a good rule to appear as an actual, communicating human being rather than shouting over the phone.

Financing: Add closing costs to expense, then add the principal, taxes, interest, insurance, and maintenance. Thus fortified by the reality of the real cost, press on toward a mortgage. Try to get the owner to take back a mortgage, which may save a couple of percentage points, and can be a tax benefit to sellers over 65 with low incomes. Otherwise . . . Even if the New York City bank has lent you \$100,000 a week for fifteen years, it will not, for reasons of its own, finance country property. Inquire into the attitudes of local banks, which are usually good and co-operative, but some actively think of second homes as luxuries which should be paid for. Some areas don't want summer people, they prefer to save available housing for the natives. Banks are reassured if you say you want to live in the country—although you are a better credit risk if you live in the city where the jobs are. Some banks insist on appraising by old standards and will not give \$40,000 for something they think is worth \$16,000. Small banks with small resources must satisfy local needs first. Wherever there is a large mutual savings bank, chances are better. Vermont is one of the worst states to borrow money in; banks legally ask for 9 to 10 per cent (7½ percent for local people) and they require more down. Raw land is almost impossible to finance, unimproved houses are very difficult. Banks are not impressed if you have to borrow the down payment. Young wives who might have children and stop working are termed "vulnerable," and a single woman should be 35ish, hard working, and come with good references. It will be difficult to assume a mortgage at the old 5 per cent these days—banks are losing money at that rate.

The best thing is to come up during bank hours, meet the mortgage officer, and convince him of your commitment, sincerity and general desirability. —J. O'R.

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and absolutely no interest in the effect on those people of their games. Mutual funds have looked into their crystal balls and started buying up huge tracts of raw land. Foreign land syndicates are peering at Canada, Australia, and the United States, having already grabbed up the Caribbean. Investment syndicates and trusts are being set up, some of them as publicly held stock companies, to invest in land. So much for the interaction between buyer and community.

If the land is developed, who will pay for the sewage plant, the roads, and schools? The town, or the developers? What if all those parcels are actually built on? What if two-acre minimum house lot zoning means houses on every two acres? The recurrent nightmare in Vermont is, What would happen if all those summer people really did act out their fantasies and move up permanently? It would be the suburbs, and those interested in history repeating itself will recall when people fled to the suburbs for air, trees and children's safety. Americans have a naïve faith that technology will find a way, but the ecology of the northeastern United States simply cannot support the number of houses—all flushing and electrifying—that investors are imagining.

The ecology movement turns out to be a great deal more serious than most developers expected. Land bankers, who bought up tracts four or five years ago, are suddenly discovering that legislation has made it too expensive to develop, or perhaps forbidden development at all. The Vermont legislature passed an environmental control act last year in response to opposition to a developer's plan to build cluster housing—almost 5,000 chalets on about 1,500 acres—on woodland near Mt. Snow bought from an out-of-state company. Sewage was beginning to seep into drinking supplies around other ski resorts. Act 250 was held up as model legislation, but it is hardly perfect. Environmentalists were appalled to discover that developers were appointed to the regional control boards. Inevitably, pressure is mounting this year to weaken the law.

In the long run, conservation makes sound business sense—good developments make money. Ecological restrictions underscore the falsity of the idea that *all* land, everywhere, will rise in value. Land makes money only if it is worked, or can be resold as profit. Some land is not suitable for development. Some was bought beyond the point of profitable return. Forty per cent of a developer's cost is marketing, which leaves little margin for an individual buyer to resell at a quick profit.

The trouble with ecology, even if it is a saving grace as a state of consciousness, is that it is a national mood which must be implemented at a local level, and local implementation is piecemeal and subject to pressures. Laws made in the state capitol are deeply suspected and resented by people in the country. Regions are both too big and too small. They don't take in enough to make ecological sense, and they take in too much for the local people to put up with. World disarmament would be a Sunday picnic to achieve compared with getting an agreement on zoning in Vermont. Despite a growing local awareness of the power of a community to stop development, and even utility lines, there is an equal reluctance to vote, if they vote at all, for any law which might, at any time, hinder me from doing what I want with my land. Zoning is a favorite preoccupation of the newcomers—the latest variation on "I'll show you boys how to farm." Now they say, "Let me show you how to plan." "It's a problem of legislating taste," says a Vermont legislator, a remark which reminds me of the pamphlet I acquired which argued that people shouldn't be purists about the wilderness. After all, look at Switzerland. Ah yes, but look at Route 7 in Rutland, Vermont, where the elm trees have been cut down and replaced by Neba Roast Beef and McDonald's. A matter of taste, I suppose.

Sooner or later, preferably sooner, the ecology movement is going to force some new thinking on land use control. Maybe it is time to give up on the old Jeffersonian idea that all wealth comes from the land. He meant crops, and timbers, and even mining. He didn't mean views, seclusion, escape, or proximity to the right people. Maybe it is time to stop basing our taxes on property. Perhaps land speculation is not socially useful and should be stopped. John Kenneth Galbraith suggests that any profit from resale within five years of purchase should be taxed at 75 per cent. "There should be a big program of condemning and buying land publicly," he says. "The state should have the option of buying land at probate prices whenever large tracts pass from one generation to the next. Cabin space, even farm space, could be leased and controlled by planners."

Most private buyers acquire land for noble motives—a future for the kids, a bit of America, a fulfillment of their yearning for community. Small towns are *de facto* communities, because they are, not because they were planned or created. And until recently newcomers understood that they were the mechanism for a small bit of local sociological disorientation. When they bought



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Photo: Mary Jackson

A controversial educator speaks out

■ Here is the witty, iconoclastic headmaster of New York City's Dalton School—on permissive parents, sex education, testing, science education, Paul Goodman, John Holt, and much more. "Eminently readable and endlessly provocative . . . the work of a man who cares deeply about children and their education." —Time

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ICELANDIC LOFTLEIDIR

"... How many believe there was truth in Winesburg, Ohio and even Peyton Place?..."

the old Harrington place, it went on being called the old Harrington place for twenty years. They understood that outsiders don't speak up in town meetings for years and years, if ever. Nowadays, the people moving in have never heard that silence is a virtue. They barge right in, calling for action and letters to the governor and public expenditures for investigations, and they are puzzled when suddenly everyone is on his feet drinking coffee and the meeting is adjourned. When the instinct to feel like a stranger is lost, then the community no longer belongs to itself. And, in fact, this summer a report was published which stated that Vermont is a colony. "Vermont's industry, its land and its resources are owned and controlled by out-of-staters," wrote Lee Webb, professor of economics at Goddard College in Plainfield. The wealth of Vermont cannot be used to develop the state. It is drained off into the major metropolitan areas. And the same is true of Maine, northern New Hampshire and northern New York.

I suppose because a colony is better than starving. The raucous voice of the newcomer, raised in the Grange Hall, can even be interpreted as valuable new blood. Are we foolish, now that we have full mouths, but little hope beyond that limited ambition, to begin to doubt the benefits of ski resorts, small manufacturers, the precarious living earned by selling land, the tourist dollar? "Still, the quest and compulsion for that tourist dollar continues at a dizzying pace with little or no thought to possible consequences, as if opening a roadside stand to sell busted chairs, old bottles, chipped dishes and discolored chamber pots would really broaden Maine's economic and employment base," wrote William Langley in the *Maine Times*. It seems a poor reward for 25 years of holding on. Can the down-country people understand what that means—Holding On?

After the war, Pawlet, Vermont, began to crumble into the Mettawee River. Old factories, old houses, three old stores—they leaned against each other and waited for the end. The people moved to Connecticut, to the jobs. But a few stayed, not because they were too dumb to leave, but because they knew about roots. John Mach, who owned the store, bought up the crumbling buildings and tore them down despite local complaints about removing taxable property. He rebuilt the mill dam, made a swimming hole, built a water-

wheel. Charlie Shinn moved an old railroad station across two towns and started a coffee shop. Route 30 got a hard top. Some farmers prospered, and others drove back and forth to jobs in New York State, or Rutland, at the ski slopes. There began to be more people than cows in Vermont. Holding On.

From Rock Hill I can see the surveyors' stakes for the sewage plant they want to put in our horse pasture. Pawlet needs a sewage plant. The drinking water in New York City is purer than most of Vermont's. I can see ten "suburban" houses where there were none before, and the roads going up to them. Change and decay, change and decay, I mutter, under my butter-nut tree. What will happen? Who owns this hill I am sitting on? Who owns those other hills looking down over the village, and what are their plans?

Can they imagine that moving to the country is not the final escape clause? How many will believe, in their frantic impulse to leave the cities, that there was truth in *Winesburg, Ohio*, and even *Peyton Place*? All those light-hearted books on fixing up an old farm and the joys of Vermont winters—they are almost all written by people who were moving away even as they wrote. Vegetable gardens are not so entertaining after a few years, and during the winter the barn boards snap off the walls and the fences fall to the sound of dollar bills. They seek "seclusion," but the true privacy is in the city, where they can move to another block and start a whole new life, where they can walk down the street and not know anyone they see. In small towns there are physical confrontations, not telephone phantoms, and those real people—who are not "characters," but have character—are the un-self-selected community they think they want, where the working phrases are "He's always been like that," or "What can I do? I've got to live with them." Where it isn't that everyone knows what you are doing that is ulcerating; it is that you know what they are doing, and in a small town "That's the way it is."

The way it is may be friendly, neighborly, with plenty of help in any catastrophe. But it is also difficult, hard, stubborn, and the set of accommodations required for city life do not apply. If it doesn't work out the way the outsiders hope it will, perhaps they should have remembered Emerson: "Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not."

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Five women who can easily afford any fur coat in the world tell why they're proudly wearing fakes.

DORIS DAY: "Killing an animal to make a coat is a sin. It wasn't meant to be, and we have no right to do it."

"At one time, before I was aware of the situation, I did buy fur coats. Today when I look at them hanging in the closet I could cry."

"It's so wrong for a man to think that the biggest thing he can do for his wife is buy her a fur coat at Christmas. It's the most evil thing he can do. Buy her a fake fur. They're so beautiful, so lovely, so warm, so pretty to look at."

"A woman gains status when she refuses to see anything killed to be put on her back. Then she's truly beautiful..."

AMANDA BLAKE: "Killing animals for the sake of vanity I think is a shame."

"I feel very guilty about having worn fur coats. As for the women who know about our vanishing wildlife and continue to buy fur coats—I wonder how they'd like to be skinned?"

"I have noticed that the reaction to real fur coats is becoming nauseous on the observer's part. If a woman wants to wear something that looks like an animal, fake fur is the only way to go."

"People are putting the whole real fur thing down and I thank God... thank God."

JAYNE MEADOWS: "I don't see how you can wear a fur coat without feeling, literally, like a murderer. It is, I believe, against God's law. Against His whole plan for the universe."

"I feel very sad for women who continue to purchase real fur coats. They are lacking in a woman's most important requisites, heart and sensitivity."

"Bravo for the women who are wearing fake fur. It's the only way to go. It's warmer and everything else. And you are happy with it because you don't feel guilty in it. You don't feel like a murderer."

ANGIE DICKINSON: "Although I don't feel I have the right to tell other people what to do, my respect for an animal's right to live doesn't let me approve of the killing of animals for coats."

"If a woman can help an animal or a child, that's the most important thing."

MARY TYLER MOORE: "The killing of an animal for the sake of the appearance of luxury doesn't achieve anything. I have seen so many coats so much more attractive than fur—some fake fur, some fabric. It's in the design, not necessarily the fabric."

"I am aware that there are specific ecological problems, but for me all animals have a right to humane treatment."

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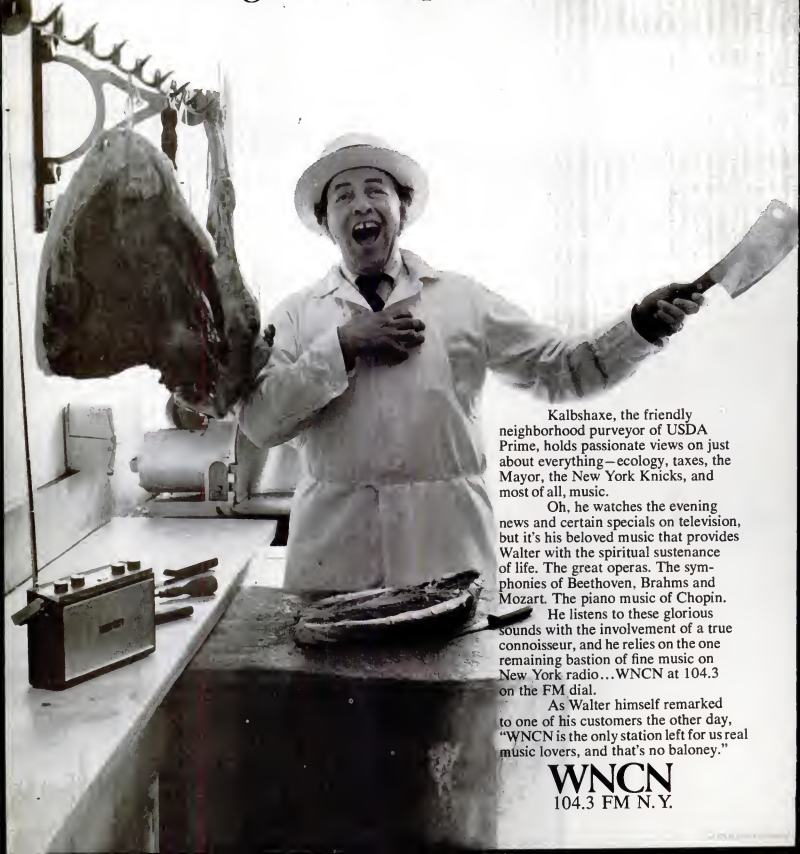
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Is That Really Nelson Rockefeller Crawling to Richard Nixon?

By Richard Reeves

"...If the Vice Presidency should take a little crawling, it's still Rockefeller's last chance at ultimate earthly power..."

Nelson Rockefeller literally gasped that morning in Miami three years ago when Richard Nixon came on television and said that Governor Spiro Agnew of Maryland would be his running mate for Vice President. Nobody there, in Rockefeller's suite at the Americana Hotel, had ever heard him gasp before, but they had heard the next thing he said several times: "It's just like Dick. He always blows the big one."

Rockefeller said it sadly, as if Nixon, the man who had stood between him and the Presidency all through the sixties, were finally beneath his contempt. After that morning, there were to be no more of the curt public slashes at Nixon that had punctuated their conflicting careers during that decade. "I have nothing to do with Nixon, nothing . . ." Rockefeller had said once. "I hate the thought of Dick Nixon being President of the United States . . . Nixon's the one, all right—the one who lost it for us in 1960."

Publicly, Rockefeller had gone through the motions of helping to elect the Republican ticket in 1968 and then was as silent as a politician could be during the early Nixon Presidency, refusing to speak out about Clement Haynsworth or Harrold Carswell, about Washington's attitude toward the cities, even about the war. By then, Rockefeller, the old superhawk, had realized that Vietnam was a disaster, a necessary and even moral thing, in his view, but a disaster because it had gone on too long. He sat in his apartment overlooking Central Park one evening in June of 1970 and said again that Nixon couldn't handle the big one, that the President had to get out of Vietnam and that he, Nelson Rockefeller, was afraid to publicly go after Nixon on the

war. Afraid? Yes, Rockefeller said. People didn't understand the strain Nixon was under. The man was being pushed too far. And he, Rockefeller, didn't want to be the one who pushed the President beyond . . .

Maybe the governor was rationalizing his own silence on the war. But if he was, he was going to incredible lengths to do it. He seemed to be saying that the President of the United States was going nuts. He spoke with what I took to be sadness, well beyond contempt for his old enemy.

Those bitter years of the sixties and the almost two years of strained silence that followed are prologue to an unfolding Nixon-Rockefeller drama that is already changing the state and national politics of the seventies.

In case you haven't noticed, Nixon and Rockefeller appear to have made peace in their time. After indeterminate months of secret message-bearing by foreign policy czar Henry Kissinger, an old Rockefeller retainer on loan to Nixon, and by Attorney General John Mitchell, who was a Rockefeller consultant before he became Nixon's confidant, the old warlords have come to terms. They now talk at least once a week about the state of the nation, sometimes at private little dinners at the White House, and they have begun taking turns eulogizing each other's talents and tribulations—Rockefeller, for example, on the "wisdom" of Nixonomics, Nixon on the governor's "courage" at Attica.

The terms of their little treaty are still secret and are undoubtedly as flexible as either man's position on almost anything. But part of the agreement will come out soon enough—Rockefeller will supply the leadership, money

and troops for Nixon's re-election campaign in New York next year. Nixon men have already been informed by Mitchell that Rockefeller will be the state campaign chairman and has promised to personally deliver New York's 45 electoral votes. The President, as it happens, is doubtful that he can ever carry New York, but he certainly has a better chance with Rocky in the field than he did in 1960 and 1968 when, in the words of a top Nixon operator, "We got nothing from Rockefeller except for a couple of stumblebums he didn't want around the office."

The other side of the deal can only be guessed at—and ambitious men in Washington and New York are guessing as though their political lives depended on it, which, in several instances—Agnew for one—is precisely the case. The only thing floating that qualifies as a fact at the moment is that some very well-placed observers are predicting that Rockefeller will be in Washington after January 1, 1973 in some official capacity if Nixon is re-elected. Federal service will not be an inconvenience; the governor has a small estate on Foxhill Road, where John and Martha Mitchell have been the favored dinner guests recently.

That service could be as Vice President, Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense or as some kind of roving ambassador, which is what another New York governor, Averell Harriman, ended up doing. That would mean that Malcolm Wilson, a Westchester conservative who doesn't think New York City is even a nice place to visit, would be governor for at least two years. That also means that the unity of the New York Republican Party, now a wholly-owned Rockefeller subsidiary,



“...‘Rocky’s assault on Attica was a moral disgrace,’ said a Nixon man, ‘but politically he did what our people wanted’...”

would probably collapse; bitter primaries in 1974 would probably be unavoidable, with Assembly Speaker Perry Duryea challenging Wilson for governor and with Senator Jacob Javits facing the fight of his life for re-election without Rockefeller to hide behind.

The Vice Presidency is a most intriguing possibility, and there are sophisticated New Yorkers who believe that Rockefeller is campaigning for the job right now. He swears, of course, that he'd never take it—"I'm not standby equipment" is his standby line. He did, in fact, turn Nixon down when he

offered him the Vice President slot on the ticket in 1960, and he laughed it off when agents of Hubert Humphrey approached from the Democratic side in 1968.

But Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller was born and bred to be President of the United States. He isn't, or wasn't, President because he kept challenging the national Republican Party instead of joining it. When his regular private polls convinced him during his 1970 re-election campaign that he had to move to the right to survive, he did just that—joining the party of Dick

Nixon, James Buckley, and all. It was something of a shock to Charles Goodell, welfare mothers and other assorted liberals, but Rockefeller did what he had to do for political survival. And thus, he just might be looking for the Vice Presidency this time—if that is what it would take to get a clean shot at the Presidency in 1976. (Despite all of the jokes about the Vice Presidency, three of the last five men who held it have become President.) True, he'll be 68 years old then, as Harriman was when he tried for the Presidency in 1960, but he'll be the youngest 68 that

Malcolm Whatshisname, Our Next Governor?

At the annual black-tie dinners presented by New York's two organizations of political writers—The Inner Circle in New York City and the Legislative Correspondents' Association in Albany—there is one stock scene in the show after dessert that always works. A character dressed as Governor Rockefeller is at stage center and another actor, sometimes dressed as a Roman Catholic cardinal, begins tugging at his sleeve, and saying, "Governor, governor, its me, Malcolm." Rockefeller turns and snaps, "Malcolm who?"

Malcolm Wilson of 24 Windsor Road, Yonkers, has been lieutenant governor of New York for almost thirteen years. He began that tenure, after twenty years as an assemblyman from Westchester County, by saying, "Having been in state government twenty years, I welcome the privilege of serving the people as governor. But I have no timetable in that regard."

Last week, sitting in the office provided for him by Rockefeller at 22 West 55th Street, surrounded by at least 50 plaques celebrating his service to the Emerald Society, Girl Scouts of America, Veterans of Foreign Wars, B'nai B'rith, and the Liederkranz Club of Niagara Falls, Wilson told me, "Having been in state government 33 years, I would welcome the privilege of serving the people as governor. But I have no timetable in that regard."

Wilson would automatically have that privilege if Rockefeller decided to go to Washington or anyplace else. Article IV of the state constitution specifies that the lieutenant governor serves out the term of a resigning governor, and Rockefeller's term expires on December 31, 1974.

It's only a dim memory to some, but Wilson, now 57, earned his job in 1958 by driving young Nelson Rockefeller around the state in his own Buick for a series of talks with Republican leaders who were worried about what Rockefeller had been doing all those years in Washington with Democrats. "I told them Nelson Rockefeller was okay and that we needed him to run for governor," Wilson said. "They were afraid he was some kind of wild-eyed FDR liberal, but they trusted me."

The official line at Rockefeller's office is that Wilson is a "working partner" of the governor's. With friends, Rockefeller occasionally, and affectionately, calls the lieutenant governor "my hack." The truth is halfway

between. Wilson is a diligent technician with an enviable knowledge of how state government works and what's in every bureau and closet in Albany, but when big decisions are made the lieutenant governor often functions as a talkative ornament.

In those thirteen years with Rockefeller, Wilson has publicly disagreed with the boss twice. He opposed the new state constitution proposed in 1969 and Rockefeller supported it, a piece of double-teaming designed to make it look as if the governor were on both sides of several tough issues. Later, Wilson opposed bills legalizing abortion, an act of conscience consistent with his reputation as the Catholic Church's most prominent spokesman in Albany.

What kind of governor would Wilson be?

"There would be no noticeable change if the governor left," he says. "I emphasize, however, that I expect him to serve out his full term. He's exactly the same thing I am: an economic conservative and human rights liberal . . . This is a conservative state. New York is a conservative city, except for some parts of Manhattan, that is. It always has been, at least for the three decades that I've held elective office—that's longer than anyone in the state. People have been going along with programs they didn't really like for a long time. They were only talking their true feelings in the golf club locker rooms, or on the street—wherever they talk. The conservative feeling broke into the open about June of 1970—you could almost feel it—people could see what was happening in their

own lives . . . Public housing was supposed to be 'pass-through' housing—a place for the deserving poor until they earned enough to afford someplace else—but exemptions after exemptions were put in until working people could come and see the new cars around public housing projects. I think we need public housing, but for the deserving poor." —R. R.



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medical science—Rockefeller has a complete physical examination every week—millions of dollars and a young family can maintain. With Nixon constitutionally barred from seeking a third term, Nixon's next Vice President would have a good shot.

If it's a long shot, and if it takes a little crawling, it's still Rockefeller's last chance at ultimate earthly power. And power, more of it, is what Nixon and Rockefeller are about. It may be only in the language of power that the poor boy from Whittier and the billionaire can communicate. "The real difference between Dick and Nelson," said a perceptive man who would be fired from a very comfortable position if he were identified here, "is that Nixon has no philosophy and Rockefeller *thinks* he has one."

Nixon's decision on a running mate is almost certainly going to be made the way Procter & Gamble picks the name for a new detergent: market research. Polls will pick the name—Agnew, Connally, Rockefeller, Morton—that helps Nixon most or hurts least in a few key states, and Republican researchers have come up with one bit of data that spells Rockefeller.

Private polls show, not surprisingly, that Nixon is close to the bottom of the scale in categories like "sensitivity to urban problems." That alone would not bother the Nixon team—their campaign strategy is a suburban strategy—but what bothers them is that suburbanites want an administration that understands the cities. "The suburban people don't want that much done about the cities," said a Republican analyst, "but they do want Washington to know what's going on in places like New York to 'keep them away from us.'" What's them? "You know, urban problems, Negroes."

Brutally speaking, Rockefeller's assault on Attica was extreme suburban strategy. "That took political guts," said a Nixon man. "Morally it was disgraceful but we're talking about politics, not morals, and politically he did what our people wanted."

Maybe, but as time passes, even suburbanites and White House aides might choose morals over politics, and then Rockefeller might not be so welcome in 1972.

The confluence of suburban strategies was probably a significant factor in bringing Nixon and Rockefeller together. The governor's polls in 1970 made it very clear that he had to win in the suburbs and play down the liberal part of what used to be called his liberal Republicanism—surveys taken before the election showed that 81 per cent of the New York voters favoring Rockefeller approved of the job Nixon was doing, but that 59 per cent of those

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favoring Arthur Goldberg disapproved of the President.

Part of the speculation about Rockefeller and a Cabinet-rank position comes from people who think he may go to Washington but can't believe that he would suffer the Johnsonian indignities of the titular number two job. "He must know that being Vice President is worse than his old job as Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America," said F. Clifton White, who managed Barry Goldwater's pre-convention campaign in 1964 and Senator James Buckley's election campaign in 1970.

In a Cabinet position, Rockefeller would at least have a job of independence and some outlet for that incessant enthusiasm that sparks envy in any man who knows him. That super-metabolic boyishness may not be inexhaustible, though, when one has to spend time in Albany, and now Rockefeller is using up some more of it in another campaign for a \$2.5-billion transportation bond issue—a campaign he'll probably lose.

Between bond issues and drinking with assemblymen, it's easy to see why, for purely personal reasons, the governor might want to try Washington and perhaps a world stage again. But Rockefeller and politicians don't make too many personal decisions. What they do is keep pushing to open up new options—and Nixon and the middle of the Republican Party look like his best '72 and '76 options.

So this time around the whole apparatus—the money, the bodies, the advertising agencies and winking, blinking Rocky himself—will roll out for Dick Nixon. It will be different in New York next year than it was in 1968, when John Mitchell asked Rockefeller for the use of his talented speechwriter Hugh Morrow. "We gave Nixon what he asked for in '68," Morrow said the other day. "I didn't go—I'm in His Majesty's Service and I was needed here—but I sent one of my best men, what's his name. Oh, I know it as well as I know my own," Morrow said, snapping his fingers and banging one hand on the typewriter with the "Rockefeller for President" label, and finally running out of the office saying, "Wait a minute, my secretary will know."

"Gilder!" he announced when he came back. "George Gilder."

"I'll tell you," Morrow continued, "Nixon and Rockefeller are getting along like they never have before. The governor uses all his good words now: 'courage . . . resolution . . . strength.' A friend of mine whose wife is related to Pat Nixon told me the other day that all the White House people who used to call Rockefeller a son of a bitch are now saying what a great guy he is."

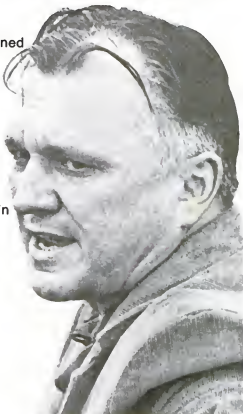
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Rockefeller staffers now get the "A" treatment at the White House (their calls are answered the same day) instead of the old "B" treatment (three days later). But only a few really know how deep the treatment and commitment go, and they're not talking right now.

It's true that Henry Kissinger has kept the Joint Chiefs of Staff waiting while he tracked down a bit of foreign policy trivia that Rockefeller wanted to use in a speech. But Kissinger worked for the Rockefellers for so long that he might obey by reflex. The larger political questions are still unanswered: Are Nixon and Rockefeller already a team? A close team? The odd couple?

Maybe so, thinks Charles Goodell. The former senator has always suspected that Rockefeller was in on the deal when the White House sent Agnew out to destroy him in the 1970 election.

John Lindsay is absolutely convinced. He believes that the White House really originated the idea of state investigation of city management, and it's a fact that White House aides were telling friends about state investigations of Lindsay for weeks before Rockefeller made a public move last spring. The mayor even has imagined a little Oval Room scenario with the President leaning over and telling Rockefeller, "Nelson, we've got to derail that bastard Lindsay right there in New York."

Some Nixon types can't believe that their leader would let a man as strong as Rockefeller move into his Washington. The President once said that the basic problem between him and the governor was that "no party is big enough to hold us both." White House men who remember that are really getting a kick out of their rapprochement, laughing about old Nelson Rockefeller coming around with a little dust at the knees.

On their records, neither man is above using other people, playing with them. They're both professionals and it's hard to believe that Nixon doesn't know that playing with the Rockefellers can be a dangerous game. One of the Rockefellers, Nelson, told this story when asked whether he ever couldn't get something he wanted:

"I remember bidding in an auction on a Modigliani once and losing to the Museum of Modern Art, of which I was then president. And years later another one came on the market and I was fortunate enough to get it, so it shows if you've got patience and persistence, even though you may be thwarted at one point, you can. And I'm a great believer in that."

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Labor Day has come and gone, and chances are the last of your vacation time and money has gone with it.

As a result, you're probably looking forward to doing nothing better with your leisure time than sitting home and vegetating from now to Thanksgiving. And so are a lot of other people.

But that, ironically, makes it possible for you to go places you'd never go and do things you'd never do, except in your wildest fantasies.

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Dozens of enticing places are just a few hours away.

This being Autumn, there are plenty of empty hotel rooms in each of these places, as well as empty seats on planes headed to and from them. And, Autumn being such a beautiful time of year, there shouldn't be. Not when people like you are sitting at home, just wishing you had the money to go somewhere.

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BEST BETS

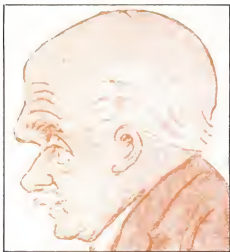
Recommendations of events, places and phenomena of particular interest this week

Edited by Ellen Stock

The Beerbohm Boom

He knew *everybody*. Caricaturist-essayist-dandy Max Beerbohm was friend and/or critic of his contemporaries G. B. Shaw, Frank Harris, Oscar Wilde, H. G. Wells, Yeats, Thomas Hardy . . . people like that. (This great panoply of personae was beautifully presented by S. N. Behrman in his book *Portrait of Max*.) This week *The Incomparable Max!*, a play based on two Beerbohm short stories, opens at the Royale, with Clive Revill playing Beerbohm, the narrator. A must for Edwardian spirits.

THE INCOMPARABLE MAX!
Royale Theater/October 19



Leaping Persians

For five weeks at the Brooklyn Academy of Music there will be a sumptuousity of ethnic dance troupes in an Afro-Asian Dance Festival, the first of its kind in America. The Classical Khmer Ballet of Cambodia (above), an all-woman company, are the openers. Second week, the Senegalese National Dance Company. Third week, the National Dance Company of Morocco, including a corps of acrobats. Fourth week, the unique Ritual Acrobats of Persia; this troupe carries on a tradition of physical prowess dating back to the twelfth century. Concluding the Festival, the Sierra Leone National Dance Troupe, the only one of the five to have performed here before (they were voted best dance ensemble at the 1964 New York World's Fair).

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
October 19-November 21

Legalized Luting

Renaissance lovers sang of their joys and heartbreaks while strumming on the lute. Gentlemen-on-the-town in Elizabethan England used to lug their lutes down to the local barber shops and spend long evenings trying out their harmonies on each other (honest!). The sad, sweet, crisp tones of the lute are popular again as part of the whole nostalgia thing, and now there's to be a lute-song festival at Tully Hall—three Monday evenings. Rodrigo de Zayas, who is Spanish on his father's side and a descendant of Thomas Jefferson on his mother's, will bring along his collection of lutes (they come in several sizes, all beautiful to behold) and Anne Perret will sing groups of songs from all over Europe. Listen carefully; the sounds are soft and silky, but oh so lovely.

LUTE SONGS/Tully Hall/October 18 at 8:30 p.m.

The Magician

Orson Welles works wonders in Central Park on October 17. Not in the flesh, alas, but in *A Safe Place* on the screen with Tuesday Weld and Jack Nicholson. Will the old master impose the old charisma? Will Tuesday hold her own? Will brash first-time director Henry Jaglom manage the sacred cinematic monster? We can't wait.

A SAFE PLACE/Columbia 11 Cinema/ October 17





Nouveau Quiche

We haven't seen actress Eleanor Rogers on stage, but having tasted what she produces in the kitchen (above), we're certain her quiches will soon have a large and appreciative audience. Our favorite is the Niçoise (tomatoes, garlic, anchovies, Parmesan, olives); also available are the classic (eggs, heavy cream, bacon), vegetable (onions, celery, carrots, garlic), spinach, Swiss cheese, lobster, and crabmeat. One quiche serves six to eight people (\$5-\$6) or eight to ten (\$6-\$7). At the moment, they must be picked up at Mrs. Rogers' Upper West Side apartment after being ordered by phone. But she plans to have a delivery service functioning very soon.

ELEANOR ROGERS' QUICHE/873-4178

Strolling Through the Parke

You can get in some high-class looking, not to mention buying, at Parke-Bernet this week. On October 15, 16 and 23, the fine Martha Baird Rockefeller collection of the eighteenth-century English and French furniture will be auctioned, and bidding will be fierce for the exquisite table (below) that once belonged to Madame de Pompadour (it sold in 1928 for \$71,000). On October 20, the Guggenheim is selling fourteen Kandinsky paintings from its collection, as well as 33 Kandinsky watercolors. Then Norton Simon is selling some of his Impressionist paintings, including a fine Rousseau, on October 21. All on view at Parke-Bernet, free of charge, beginning October 15 until sale days. They can be seen Tuesday through Saturday, 10 to 5. (Buyers call Parke-Bernet, TR 9-8300, for information about hours and seats for sales.)

PARKE-BERNET/1980 Madison/October 15-23



NETING Hogan's Goat

William Alfred's fragile story of love and power in nineteenth-century Brooklyn, *Hogan's Goat*, opened at the American Place Theater in 1965 and played 607 performances. A television version is being presented on Channel 13 this week, with the play's original off-Broadway heroine. Remember? It was Faye Dunaway.

HOGAN'S GOAT/Channel 13/October 18 at 8 p.m.

Epidermic Needles

Jennie Jerome wore a diamond bracelet over the snake tattoo on her wrist, but John Held was less modest about the eagles, roses, anchors and girls covering him. A nineteenth-century P. T. Barnum attraction named Georg Constantin was tattooed from scalp to soles, and so was Charles Wagner (right) some 50 years later. Now, in homage to skin pix, a show called *Tattoo!* is on view at the Museum of American Folk Art, with photographs, needles, ink jars and pigment pots, plastic stencils, patterns and the original tattoo design book by C. H. Fellowes, nineteenth-century master tattooer.

Fascinated by all this, we poked around the West Village the other day until we located the Honky-Tonk Women, who learned their trade from an old tattoo artist. They use an electric needle and non-toxic dyes in bright primary colors; the process takes about twenty minutes and costs from \$30 (for a ladybug or rosebud) to \$60 (for a butterfly or mermaid).

"I can't do ugly tattoos," says the Honky-Tonk Woman with a rose on her left wrist. "I wouldn't do a spider crawling up a girl's neck. I want it to be beautiful, like the spray of flowers between a girl's toes I did the other night." As requests go, "most men want tattoos on their wrists and upper arms and girls want a heart on their breast, like Janis Joplin."

Since tattooing is illegal in New York, you'll have to find the Honky Tonks yourself.

TATTOO!/Museum of American Folk Art/49 West 53rd Street/Through November 28



HOW I JOINED THE FAMILY

“... Bill Bonanno appeared unexpectedly at my home, explaining, with remarkable calm, that gunmen were trying to kill him . . .”

Shortly after midnight on a rainy October evening in 1964, Joseph Bonanno, a handsome gray-haired man of 59 known to be a Mafia leader for more than 30 years, stepped out of a taxicab in front of a luxury apartment house on Park Avenue near 36th Street, where, a moment later, two large gunmen appeared from the darkness, grabbed him by the arms, and began dragging him toward an awaiting automobile.

“C’m on, Joe,” one of the gunmen said. “My boss wants to see you.” Bonanno struggled to break free but could not; and when his lawyer, who had been riding in the cab with him, ran after the men, yelling for them to stop, a bullet from an automatic was fired at the lawyer’s feet. He retreated, ducking into the doorway of the apartment house. The men shoved Bonanno into the back seat of a beige sedan and sped off toward Lexington Avenue.

The next day’s headlines suggested that Bonanno was dead, victim of a “gangland slaying,” and during the following week there were several articles in the press quoting crime experts speculating on the presumed demise of Joseph Bonanno.

It was said that he had been a man of excessive ambition who had overstepped his boundaries in the underworld, expanding the considerable influence that he already had in various parts of New York, Canada and Arizona into areas controlled by other Mafia bosses. His ultimate goal, it was believed, was to become supreme ruler of the American Mafia, a brotherhood of approximately 5,000 members divided into 24 separate “families,” each ruled by a boss, each varying in size from perhaps 30 to 400 men and more, and located in major cities throughout the United States. In the process of fulfilling his ambition it was rumored that Bonanno had been involved in a plot to eliminate two rival bosses—Carlo Gambino and Thomas Lucchese—a plot that failed when one of Bonanno’s alleged conspirators, Joseph Colombo, then a lieutenant in a family with close ties to the Bonanno family, tipped off the intended victims.

Colombo thus ingratiated himself with Gambino and Lucchese, both very

powerful in the New York underworld, and he consequently received help in ascending to the top of his own New York family. Bonanno meanwhile became increasingly controversial in the Mafia, not only because of his alleged scheming but also because he had recently endorsed the elevation of his 32-year-old, college-educated son, Bill, to a position of leadership that outranked the 300 men and dozen captains in the Bonanno family. The promotion of Bill Bonanno offended many veteran mafiosi who regarded him as a kind of campus radical, a modern youth whose manner and methods, while not lacking in courage, were nonetheless incompatible with old-style Sicilian traditions. When the elder Bonanno would not veto his son’s promotion, an internal revolt occurred in which nearly 50 men deserted the Bonanno ranks, and outside Mafia leaders summoned the elder Bonanno to attend a meeting to explain the discord. But Joseph Bonanno, an individualist who had no intention of discussing his family business with “outsiders,” and also aware that the proposed meeting might be a murder trap, refused to attend; and so the news of his capture on Park Avenue on that rainy night in October, 1964, was not completely unexpected.

A day after Bonanno’s disappearance there was word that his son was also missing; and he, too, was initially presumed dead. But during the weeks that followed, as federal agents and the police continued a nationwide search for bodies, there was no trace of either father or son. Then, in late December of 1964, more than two months after the elder Bonanno’s capture on Park Avenue, the younger Bonanno was discovered by the FBI in a Tucson barbershop having his hair cut. He was immediately arrested and brought back to New York to be questioned by a federal grand jury that was investigating the Mafia in general, and the Bonanno case in particular.

I was then on the staff of the *New York Times*, and was one of several journalists assigned to federal court on the day Bill Bonanno arrived to be interrogated. He was a tall, heavy man of about six-foot-two and 200 pounds,

with interesting dark eyes and pale complexion, and as he walked through the dimly-lit corridor with his attorney, very silent and serene, his large gold cufflinks and ring reflected the flashing of the news cameras. Refusing to answer reporters’ questions as to whether or not his father was alive, Bill Bonanno soon entered the jury room, which was off-limits to the press; but later, during a recess, he was again in the corridor talking to one of his attorneys, apparently engrossed in private conversation, and yet he also seemed to be watching through the corner of his eye everyone who came or went through the marble-floored corridor. He seemed very much aware of the detectives and newsmen who stood talking in a circle near the door to the jury room, noticing at one point that I was watching him. And, as if he knew me, he smiled.

I was close to Bill Bonanno’s age, and while I was as curious as anyone about the whereabouts of the elder Bonanno, I was becoming perhaps more intrigued by the son across the corridor, wondering, not for the first time, what it must be like to be a young man in the Mafia. Most of what I had read about the Mafia in newspapers and books had been obtained through sources in the federal government and the police, and this data, cluttered with crime statistics and organizational charts and one-dimensional sketches of gangsters with Runyonesque nicknames, did not satisfy my curiosity about life within the secret society. I was more interested in how the gunmen passed the idle hours that no doubt dominated their days, about the roles of their wives, the interiors of their homes, what they discussed at family dinner, what they read and watched on television, their views on Vietnam and the Panthers and pot, their relationships with their children, and whether or not there was a growing generation gap in the insular world of the Mafia.

I remained with the reporters and detectives who talked in a circle in the corridor, but my mind was wandering, and almost impulsively I detached myself and walked toward Bill Bonanno and his lawyer. As I introduced myself, the lawyer said quickly that his client



had nothing to say. I responded that I wanted no statement, conceding that it was an inappropriate time for an interview, but someday, I said, months or years from now, I would like to sit down with Bill Bonanno and discuss the possibility of writing a book about his boyhood. The lawyer again said that his client had no comment, and Bill Bonanno remained absolutely silent. But I sensed from his expression that he was responding. Perhaps the idea interested him.

I called his lawyer's office several times after that, trying, without success or encouragement, to arrange a private meeting. But later in the winter of 1965, after I had written Bill Bonanno letters, had continued to call, and had sent him a book that I had written, which he read and liked, I received word that he would see me at the law office and that afterward we could have dinner at a restaurant in Manhattan.

At dinner, although he was noncommittal about being the subject of a book, we talked for several hours and got along extremely well. He seemed to enjoy recalling details from his boyhood, his days in an Arizona boarding school, the double life he had led as a university student—escorting pretty coeds to parties on football weekends, then driving alone to the airport late

at night to meet the arrival of one of his father's men. He had obviously never discussed such things with anyone before, so remote and repressed had his life been. In the restaurant I felt sure that we were both hearing his story for the first time. It seemed that nearly everything in Bill Bonanno's life had left a sharp, lasting impression; he had almost total recall, could recreate past scenes and dialogue, could describe the places he had seen, what he had felt. Yet he possessed a rare quality of detachment—it was as if a part of him had remained outside of everything he had ever experienced. He would have made a marvelous reporter.

Before our discussion ended that night I asked if he would bring his wife—niece of the late Joseph Profaci, whose Brooklyn family had come under the control of Joseph Colombo—to my home for dinner. Bill said that he would, and after that, sometimes with our wives and children, we met on several occasions, gradually establishing the rapport and trust essential to the book I hoped to write, a book that would suggest the complexity of being a Bonanno, the special atmosphere within the home, the life of the women and young children, the pull of the past upon the present.

A year after I had met him, Bill Bonanno appeared unexpectedly at my

home during an afternoon, unshaven, wearing a dark suit and black shirt without a tie. Apologizing for the manner of his arrival, he explained with remarkable calm that gunmen had been trying to kill him.

He had been "set up" on Troutman Street in Brooklyn three nights before—Friday, January 28, 1966—by a rival faction. Although the entire neighborhood must have been awakened by the gun blasts, there had not been a line about it in the newspapers. He was surprised and disappointed; he actually wanted press coverage of the incident, not only so that Mafia bosses around the nation would learn what enemies of the Bonannos had tried and failed to do, but also because Bill suspected that the police precinct was deliberately withholding the information from the press and that maybe a desk sergeant or lieutenant had been bought off by triggermen wanting to get another shot at him. Though I was no longer on the *Times* then, I volunteered to call an editor friend of mine, and it was this tip that broke the story. It also brought me closer to Bill Bonanno.

Hearing that I was leaving that week for California on a magazine assignment, Bill wrote a letter of introduction for me to his sister, Catherine, in San Mateo, saying that it was all right for her to discuss personal aspects of his life with me. From Catherine I gained insights into both Bill and their father, who was missing at this time—he was never discussed in the present tense, although now there were reports listing him as hiding out in Tunis, Montreal, or in Port-au-Prince, where Joseph Bonanno was said to have control of Haiti's gambling concessions.

After I had returned to New York I was able to meet other family relatives and friends through Bill, and they soon became vaguely aware that I hoped to someday write a book touching on their lives. But if they were suspicious and skeptical, and they undoubtedly were, they nevertheless accepted me as a friend of Bill's and did not question me too closely. Nor did I question them, being sensitive to the delicacy of the situation, and being at this juncture far more interested in the domestic atmosphere and the style of the people than in any specific information. I was content to observe, pleased to be accepted. At night, after I returned home, I described on paper what I had seen and heard, my impressions of the people. Soon, as I reread certain scenes, I could see the book taking form and shape. It seemed to suggest fiction, but each detail was true.

In May, 1966, Joseph Bonanno made his dramatic reappearance, walking into federal court one morning flanked

“... It was as if part of Bill had remained outside of everything he had experienced. He would have made a marvelous reporter ...”

by lawyers and, after standing briefly in front of the judge's bench and expressing apology for the interruption, said, “Your Honor, I am Joseph Bonanno. I understand that the government would like to talk to me.” Government agents at that time had “hard” information that Bonanno, a friend of President Duvalier, had been in Haiti, but the agents could not prove it or supply witnesses; so they searched for clues in the clothing that Bonanno wore in court—they examined his hat and looked inside at the label, hoping to find out where it had been purchased. They looked at the label of Bonanno's jacket, the reverse side of his tie, the shoes he wore, hoping to find a revealing label or cleaning tag. What the agents did not know was that he was wearing exactly the same suit, shirt, tie, socks and shoes in the courtroom that he had worn eighteen months before on the night he had vanished on Park Avenue.

He was released on \$150,000 bail, and, through his son, I was able to meet and dine with him; this resulted in scenes that I would later use in the book. Although I never discussed the book with the elder Bonanno, he quickly sensed what I was planning, and I learned that he was unenthusiastic. Consequently, Bill Bonanno began to reconsider the project at this time—tension was now building in the underworld, the so-called “Banana War” was expanding in Brooklyn and Queens, and Bill was perhaps also concerned about my welfare, a concern that I was beginning to share.

The feud between Mafia factions intensified in 1967, with shootings and murders reported in the press, and I lost touch with Bill for months at a time. His wife and four young children were often living in tight security in their home in East Meadow, Long Island. The telephone, when answered at all, was answered by bodyguards who had little to say. I was no longer able to visit.

I was then also concentrating on a book that I had begun in 1966, a biography of the *New York Times* entitled *The Kingdom and the Power*. I worked on this through 1967, 1968, and into 1969. Occasionally, when I least expected it, I would hear from Bill, calling from a telephone booth to chat briefly and say that he was all right. Once I met him for a drink, and he was then in an angry mood, embittered by the disloyalty and fence-straddling of certain men in his world. He

was willing to concede that the great leaders of his father's era were either dead or now too old and that the younger men could neither lead nor follow, could not build, only destroy.

The “Banana War” was essentially over in 1969. The feuding factions had become so splintered that nobody knew who was on which side. Disillusioned, the elder Bonanno retired to his winter home in Arizona, and Bill settled his family in San Jose, California. During the winter of 1969, I flew out to San Jose and spent much of the winter and spring there. I saw various members of the family and their children every day. I also spent time with Bill in New York when he made brief court appearances before his conviction on cases involving tax evasion, credit card theft, and other crimes that would result in 1971 in his imprisonment for a term in excess of five years.

Although I had read several books about Sicily—profiting most from the splendid volumes by the English author Denis Mack Smith—I found very little useful information about the region where the Bonanno family came from; so, after accepting an offer of family assistance, I flew to Palermo and then drove west in a rented car to the mountain town of Castellammare del Golfo, which the Sicilian police regard as the capital of the Mafia. It was once estimated that 80 per cent of the male population of this town has spent time in prison, although when I entered the town it was as orderly and friendly as any I had ever seen.

I was greeted there by a gray-haired gentleman who looked like the Italian movie director Vittorio De Sica. This man, among others, escorted me through the curving cobblestone streets, took me to visit the grave where the elder Bonanno's parents are buried, arranged for me to enter the Bonanno family home on Corso Garibaldi so that I could see with my own eyes several of the sights Joseph Bonanno had recalled during conversations I had had with him, and also sites that Bill Bonanno and his wife had visited during their honeymoon there in 1956—scenes that I describe in my book. I returned on the following three days to Castellammare del Golfo, driving from Palermo, less than two hours away, gathering more data about the history of this feudal town, and each time I was in the company of the gray-haired man, who arranged for me or my interpreter to speak with anyone I wished.

Back in the United States, I began to write the book, looking over the notes of six years of interviews, impressions, scenes that I had witnessed, weeks and months that I had spent traveling with Bill between New York and California, with side trips to Arizona, revisiting his past and the people who were closest to him; and, as I did, I could understand the elder Bonanno's grave concern over what I was doing, for in order to understand Bill I had to understand the father, and grandfather, and the whole extended family that had emigrated from Sicily; and in delving into their background and into the historical forces that shaped that background, I was dealing with things that had never before been discussed with outsiders, and had certainly never been written about.

Now that it is finished I can appreciate the confusion that many people in the Bonanno family surely felt about my relationship with Bill, not cognizant of the changes taking place in their world, and unaware of the conflicts in such younger men as Bill Bonanno. His conflict is not so much with the Mafia rivals who tried to kill him, or with law enforcement authorities who have hounded him during most of his adult life; his conflict is much closer to home; and I think that this is why I was able to become his companion and to write about him and his wife and children as intimately as I have.

He was feeling a tremendous need to communicate when I first met him in the courtroom corridor more than six years ago. While my initial proposal to write a book about him might have been flattering, particularly since he then felt so misunderstood and had gone through life in his father's shadow, trapped by the loving and destructive relationship, I believe that later I served as an instrument through which he could communicate what he felt to those closest to him. He could reveal through me, who respected and understood him, feelings that he did not wish to personally express to his family, or to his father, a most formal man.

I sensed, later, that Bill's wife also had confided to me thoughts that she wished to convey to Bill or to her father-in-law; and Bill's sister Catherine, too, and other members of the family as well, had told me what they wished others to know. I had become a source of communication within a family that had long been repressed by a tradition of silence.

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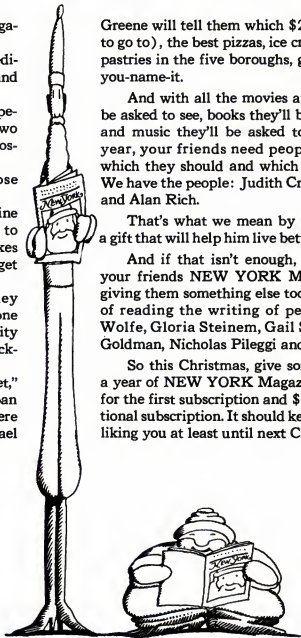
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The Lively Arts/Alan Rich

THE BOULEZ PHILHARMONIC, AN ORCHESTRA IN TUNE

"... A number of the Philharmonic's subscribers have discovered, to their astonishment, that the roof *hasn't* fallen in..."

Pierre Boulez' first "Prospective Encounter" was a tremendous success, far beyond my expectations. I don't think anyone could be blamed for a few qualms about the idea of Philharmonic members coming down to the Village and putting on performances in an informal atmosphere designed to attract and reach young audiences. Such attempts at organized informality can be, and often have been, pretty embarrassing—whether it be Arthur Fiedler putting on a Beatle wig to conduct the Boston Pops or Leonard Bernstein mouthing words like "groovy" on his Philharmonic TV shows.

Boulez succeeded where such attempts have failed, simply because he chose to regard the whole event as a necessary thing, both natural and inevitable in its format. He made no bones about the purpose of such events: to try out difficult new music before its most sympathetic audience, which could then—both the music and the audience—become a part of the orchestra's future. The more I think about it the more I am impressed with the multi-leveled shrewdness of this move. It is, first of all, a selling job of immense and beautiful proportions. Furthermore, it gets the Philharmonic into contact with the contemporary repertory. Finally, it does so without angering its stuffy uptown patrons.

I was delighted and, I must admit, surprised by how readily the audience caught the spirit and the purpose of the event. Boulez himself is not what you'd call a charismatic figure, as Bernstein is. He spoke earnestly about the purpose of the "Encounter," but dryly and a little too lengthily. Yet, he made his points and the audience was with him all the way. It helped that the two other speakers—Paul Jacobs, the pianist in Mario Davidowsky's *Synchronisms No. 6*, and Charles Wuorinen, whose *Politics of Harmony* was the other work heard—were uncommonly persuasive and eloquent in stating their own cases. What they did, and what they said, created an atmosphere which brought the audience closer to a musical experience than I had ever hoped for in an event within the New York cultural establishment.



Naturally, there remains a huge gap between the idea of playing hard, new music for a young audience sitting on the floor in an old Greenwich Village theater and integrating this repertory into the musical outlook of a major constituent of Lincoln Center. I had no doubts, when the Philharmonic hired Boulez as its next director, that he would launch a major onslaught on this problem. I had some doubts as to his success, however, simply because he is so serious, uncompromising and dedicated a person. I have always regarded it as sinful that Bernstein failed to make use of his far more outgoing personality to argue the cause of new music, although it is obvious from his own compositions that he has little taste for the hard stuff.

It appears now that I have underestimated Boulez' own brand of magnetism, serious though it be. The number of people who were crammed into Martinson Hall at the Public Theater is certainly not enough to build a future audience at Philharmonic Hall, but if they can hold onto the excitement this first event generated, and can also hold onto the realization that they were at one of those rare events, a musical evening that challenged the mind as well as the ears, they can form the nucleus for the changes to come.

Meanwhile, at Philharmonic Hall, a number of subscribers who have been expecting the worst have probably noticed to their astonishment that the roof hasn't, in fact, fallen in. Boulez'

opening concert of the season was another extremely shrewd move. Some intellectuals were horrified at the program, and it was, to be sure, made up of a lot of small pieces (plus the very large *Sacre du Printemps* which nobody in the world understands or conducts as well as Boulez). But it occurred to me in the middle of one of those "small" pieces, Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun*, that I probably hadn't heard this work played in public, except by ballet orchestras, in nearly 20 years. And that probably held true for most of the people there that night, if they had thought about it.

What people do seem to have noticed, if I can believe the intermission conversation, is that the orchestra sounds fantastic these days. There is a cut, a bite to the attack, a sense of air around the string tone, a balance to the winds, that are the public manifestations of a conductor with an absolutely incredible ear for balance and sonority. It seems likely that, once Boulez has really settled in, it will be possible to go to Philharmonic concerts just for the sound of the orchestra, which is something that hasn't happened in my day.

Something also occurs to me about Boulez' programming for the season, in addition to what I have written about it before. One of Boulez' most often-quoted comments, which must come back nights to haunt him, is his crack about the Mona Lisa, how it must be destroyed before a new art can exist. I think what he meant here, if he actually said it, is that today's music public has become so entranced by the handful of dominant masterpieces that it can lose perspective of the entire range of artistic expression. This year's programming does, to a certain extent, put a great many masterpieces on well deserved sabbatical. As a partial solace to those souls who cannot breathe at a concert without a strong dose of nineteenth-century sound, there is a long chain of works by Franz Liszt. Now, Liszt was a major figure in his time, and there is no question that, through his influence on Wagner, he must be reckoned one of the ancestors of contemporary music. (Which is only

a fancy way of saying, of course, that any old composer is the ancestor of any new composer.) Yet, I don't think there is a single piece of Liszt—certainly nothing for orchestra or chorus—that I could honestly think of as a masterpiece. The oratorio *The Legend of Saint Elisabeth*, which formed the entire second program of the subscription season, struck me as nothing more than several hours' worth of notes coming together in vain attempts to form melodies. (And would you believe the



letters I've gotten protesting Boulez' making cuts in that score?) And even so, I was grateful for the chance to hear the work, grateful at what it showed me about the skill of some composers and the lack of skill of others in dealing with the romantic language in meaningful ways.

I hate to use the word "educational" in dealing with musical events that are supposed to provide pleasure and emotional stimulation. Yet, in the best sense, what Boulez and his orchestra are now embarked upon, both uptown and down, is a vast adventure in creating an educated, and, therefore, infinitely more alert Philharmonic listenership. If all this awful Liszt music this year does nothing else, it can at least create a heightened sense of gratitude for the great music of its time. As a device for preparing future audiences to stay awake at Philharmonic concerts, it is a choice of genius.

The Philharmonic's greatest competition for young audiences is not another orchestra, nor anything operatic, but ballet—and the Joffrey Ballet most of all. In a sense, the accomplishments of this company in the past few years could serve as a model for the way any large cultural unit ought to operate. The particular kind of vibrant energy that Joffrey's dancers radiate is the sort that communicates to young people. There is a sleek exuberance to the way they work, a jaunty theatricality, that makes it easy to overlook the fact that it really isn't a terribly polished

troupe. Young people, I am told, love to watch other people taking chances, and there is always something in a Joffrey performance that makes you think that everybody is on a tightrope.

Trinity, which was on the opening-night program, epitomizes in a sense both the strengths and the outlook of the Joffrey Company. It is a wonderful, exuberant piece, the best work by far of the company's resident choreographer, Gerald Arpino. It brings together classical ballet attitudes and the most up-to-date movements from popular dancing, while in the pit the same sort of accommodation is taking place between a small symphonic ensemble and a rock group. The dancers constantly come together in more or less classic groupings; then they break away for brilliant, inventive and extremely loose-hanging solo work. The entire second section is made up of lifts and carries almost exclusively, but these are done as if nobody had ever seen the lifts and carries of *Swan Lake*. Arpino, in other words, is here creating an entirely new balletic language out of the traditional alphabet, and the result is both disturbing and stimulating.

Like this work, the Joffrey troupe as a whole takes a sort of middle position in its outlook and this, I think, goes a long way to explain the tremendous success it has had with young audiences. As a classic company, it is not very good. Balanchine's dimwitted *Square Dance*, which opened this particular program, is despite its gimmickry a traditional piece (old-fashioned groupings to music of Vivaldi and Corelli) with a most obnoxious square-dance caller to ruin both the music and the dance; the company is just not very interesting doing this sort of thing. The arms come down and the legs go up any old way and the ensemble is pretty disastrous. Except for a few dullish earlier works by Arpino himself, however, the Joffrey doesn't dance this sort of repertory very often. It has made its mark by bringing in new ideas such as rock and sex, and by communicating the notion that an evening of their best work is, above all else, a great deal of fun. The company doesn't have many great solo dancers that you go to see, the way you go to see Gregory or Fracci or Bruhn with the ABT; as a matter of fact, for reasons that are probably none of my business, most of its potential stars tend to move on just at the moment when they are on the brink.

Like most of the stuff the Philharmonic is doing this year, the Joffrey Ballet is not quite a masterpiece. That should stop nobody from making tracks to City Center, however, with a reasonable expectation of an exciting evening.

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Movies/Judith Crist

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND

"...Malle's latest movie deals with the Oedipal theme, but with overwhelming tenderness, understanding and compassion . . ."

If there be such a thing as a half-generation gap (and why not split generations as well as hairs in formulating still another theorem in our theorem-ridden world?), certainly there is one 'twixt the thirty-plus and forty-plus among us in our retrospects to the days of our youth. Over forty, we look back through the misty gauze of present disillusion and past illusion, thinking romantically of a lost innocence. But to that half-generation behind—our past somehow stands clear and cold, if only to the eye. To the heart—ah well.

The generalizations stem from two "youth" movies that have come upon us after a one-night highlighting at the New York Film Festival, both by thirty-plus directors and both films that provide sharp contrast to the middle-aged movies about adolescence that have plagued the screen in the past year, all of them looking back through a haze of repine and neuroses to paint the teens as years of either schmaltz and stupidity mislabeled innocence or satyrism and social revolt. It has remained to a half-generation-younger breed of filmmaker to find the humor and the compassion in the agony, as Milos Forman did in *Loves of a Blonde* and *Taking Off*, or Peter Bogdanovich has in *The Last Picture Show* and as Louis Malle does in *Le Souffle au Cœur*, being shown commercially here as *Murmur of the Heart*.

Malle, one of the less prolific but most sophisticated of the French "new wave" directors, is also perhaps the most versatile, the variety of his work ranging from the then-shocking *The Lovers* of 1958 through the delicious *Zazie dans le Métro* in 1961; *Le Feu Follet*, shown here as *The Fire Within* in 1964, a brilliant study of the suicide of a golden young man; the raucous Bardot-Moreau romp, *Viva Maria*, 1965; and *Le Voleur*, shown here in 1967 as *The Thief of Paris*, a further demonstration of his mastery of blending social comment with a witty romanticism. After that film, he turned to documentary making, feeling the world too much with him for fictions. But fortunately for us, he has returned to features and again proved himself an extraordinary craftsman.



Malle's theme is the coming-of-age, sexually, of a boy in his fifteenth year in the provincial city of Dijon, in 1954. There is more than coincidence perhaps in his return to the bourgeoisie of Dijon, the setting too of *The Lovers*, the film that roused censorship and earned the term "erotic" simply because it was frank in its portrait of a young married woman's sudden passionate affair. For Malle is touching on a sensitive area once again, an Oedipal relationship between mother and son—and doing so once again with a tenderness and understanding and compassion that is overwhelming. For what transpires between the two, one realizes in retrospect, is simply symbolic of what a deed, prompted by love and accepted as an act thereof, done in a complete unconsciousness of the anathema attendant to such an act, can mean in one's maturing.

Malle's protagonist is a bright bookish lad, beguiled equally by Charlie Parker's jazz and Camus' theories of suicide; the youngest of three sons born to a staid conservative doctor and his very young Italian wife. The boy is babied by his mother and affectionately scorned by his elder brothers, oafish and destructive spoiled children of affluence. But precocity is in the very atmosphere of his home, in the lack of inhibition his mother displays with her sons or in meeting with her young lover, in the experiments in sex and liquor his brothers foist upon him—and as crudely frustrate him in

When the discovery of a heart murmur forces bed-rest upon him, his intimacy with his mother grows; when the two go to a spa for his final cure, they turn to each other more and more, as his mother rejects finally the lover who would dominate her, as he sees the shallow rich reactionary world around him in contrast to the earthy warmth and human decency his mother exemplifies. Their final closeness, coming at the end of a wild and drunken Bastille Day party, emerges as a demand for love from the complex heart of adolescence—and the response by a woman with love to give.

The boy goes on to his own conquest. When he returns to find his father and brothers have arrived and are breakfasting, he returns to join them as a man among men.

Malle does not mention the unmentionable. There is no need to, because the mother's reassurance to the boy that it is a never-to-be-repeated and never-to-be-forgotten secret between them. He is not concerned with the sensational nor even with the sensuous; he is concerned with the total expression of caring between human beings, within the family as a group and within a society. For the backgrounds and roots are clear to see, in the political climate (there is much discussion of the French withdrawal from Indo-China, of the concern of the old and young alike), in the social echelons (the clash of class at the local Bastille Day celebration, the coolness and pretenses of the rich at the spa), in the confiding of family tales and recall of past. The performances are remarkable, with Lea Massari (remember the girl who disappeared in *L'Avventura*?) as the mother; Benoît Ferreux as the boy, and Daniel Gelin as the inhibited and inhibiting father, sheer perfection. Their work, I must emphasize, is not for the lover of the lurid or the erotic. It is for the lover of humans.

Haters can have a field day with Punishment Park, the most offensive of the recent Festival films I have seen to date. Directed by Peter Watkins, the 35-year-old British director of *The War Game* and *Privilege*, it was made a year

ago in three weeks of filming in the Mojave Desert with young California technicians and a predominantly amateur cast—and looks as if it was slammed together during a twenty-minute group-antipathy encounter. A fantasy that lays claim to ersatz documentarianism and futuristic import, it sees this country in the grip of Title II of the 1950 Internal Security Act—which was, by the way formally repealed by Congress recently and had never been implemented, product as it was of our Red-hysteria days—providing detention camps for political “criminals.” Thus we follow a group of activists—black-powder, women’s lib, pacifism and pure radical chic advocates—who are, of course, convicted by a Neanderthal assortment of fascists (a housewife, a sociologist, a newspaperman, a union leader, a manufacturer, an F.B.I. man) and face the alternatives of a federal prison term or trying to outwit cops, troopers and national guardsmen in a three-day chase around Punishment Park, a desert enclave. For no explicable reason, the defendants after screeching and spewing hatred at their judges who screech and spew hatred at them—choose Punishment Park.

The documentary pretense is in a British television crew following the hunters and the hunted across the desert, with the peculiarly sun-burning but strangely unspiring victims pausing for on-camera philosophy, the hunters slobberingly testing and using their weapons and bits of the spew-and-scream sessions intercut. The grand climax comes with the final shoot-down, with the camera crew full of off-camera groans and moans about the bestiality of the pursuers. One cop says to the cameraman, “I don’t see you giving nobody a Band-aid.”

And thereby the honors are clinched for the cops—who come out tops anyway simply by virtue of being better actors. Here is an exploitation picture pure and simple—as its American distributor undoubtedly appreciates. The British director, whose *The War Game* has been banned in Britain but shown here, undoubtedly doesn’t realize, however, that the final irony is that he can make and show here his film that declares the United States a totally fascist state—inhabited solely by bigoted pigs on both sides. His achievement, of course, is in making a 90-minute film which offers no original or positive thought.

There is a thought—and only one, alas—in *It Only Happens to Others*, written and directed by Nadine Trintignant, wife of the actor, Jean-Louis Trintignant. This is her third film and the first to be shown here. Its thought

is that when a nine-month-old baby dies suddenly, it is very very sad. Indeed it is. And the sadness is enhanced by the realization that this happened to the Trintignants during the filming of *Z*, in which he portrayed the young prosecutor. And while hopefully the making of the film provided a purgation of sorrow for the bereaved mother, it emerges as a peculiarly unmoving experience for the audience.

Marcello Mastroianni and Catherine Deneuve portray the beautiful young parents who are wrapped up in their infant daughter. One morning they find the infant unconscious; they rush her to a hospital but an operation fails. With the wife’s devoted parents and brother to help, they move to another apartment, presumably to assuage their sorrows. The wife talks to women in the park as if her child were still alive; her husband loses interest in his work. Finally they retreat into their half-furnished apartment, surrounded by blow-ups of photographs of the baby. They live in half-mad isolation, not knowing day from night. Then they take a trip through the countryside, where every small incident reminds them of their loss. And when finally the husband takes a Polaroid shot of the remnants of a wedding party they encounter, by some fluke the camera comes up with the last snapshot he took of the baby and his wife. And one realizes at that point that for all the pretty pictures and for all the sad talk, the whole thing has been mechanical and no more probing or revealing than a Polaroid snapshot.

Mechanics, or so the scriptwriters and director seem to be, keep Bunny O’Hare right in the tailored-for-television category, with its bright moments and even brighter performers bogged down in the nuts-and-bolts of plottery. The set-up is not a bad one: evicted from her bungalow by a bank, Bette Davis is given a lift by Ernest Borgnine, a dealer in used plumbing who, she discovers, is a fugitive bank robber. Vengeance and the money-pleas of her grown-up children inspire Miss Davis to rob banks under Borgnine’s tutelage, both disguised as psychoborn hippies. This complicated contrivance leads to others in a pedestrian entertainment but it’s not every day that you see Miss Davis and Borgnine in as good form. With amusing bits by Jack Cassidy as a fuzz-headed, by-the-rules, super-patriotic cop; Reva Rose as the whining daughter whose butcher-husband is unappreciated, and John Astin as the son in the clutch of bookies, there are moments when you don’t hear the clank and grind. But only moments.

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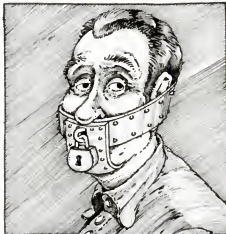
NON-THEATER, SOLITARY AND COMMUNAL

"... Anderson's language is of a has-been sogginess; his play is a series of conversations as searching as a TV talk show..."

Many critics have hailed Robert Anderson's double bill, *Solitaire/Double Solitaire*, as his best work to date. The only difference I can detect between these plays and Anderson's previous output is the unhappier endings. I always thought that a sugarcoated pill was still a pill, and so I believe a gall-coated caramel to be a caramel still. Tack a line of Shelley to the end of a poem by Edgar Guest, and what have you got: Shelley or Guest? *Solitaire* is a play about the future in which, you guessed it, individuality and love have been suppressed by the State—all this as if similar cacotopias by Galsworthy, Huxley, Orwell, and countless others had never existed. But *Brave New World* and 1984 make a horrible but logical sense, *Solitaire* founders as much on illogic as on ill writing.

Double Solitaire takes place in the present, which, as Anderson conceives it, is once again the past. The very language is of a has-beenish sogginess that could be matched only by Frank Sullivan's cliché expert in *The New Yorker*. Thus, within a minute or so, we get "like a caged tiger," "wild goose chases" and "you can't go that route," proffered as unabashedly as if they were live metaphors. The play is a series of duologues or monologues, about as searching as your average TV talk show, concerning the types of adjustment different but equally dull people make to living together or by themselves, and whenever one of these monotonologies or platitudos becomes too much even for Anderson to bear, he brings on the next.

The final and principal colloquy involves a middle-aged husband and wife; he trying by pitiful stratagems to keep the romance going, she not playing along, or just going through the motions. Anderson's thinking seems totally confused here: his sympathy is evidently with the husband's perseverance, but he makes him a childish dolt; the wife is given the maturer, more sensible lines, but Anderson clearly hates her guts. He does not even allow her the goodwill of a workable countersuggestion other than giving up. As her husband starts unbuttoning her blouse, he gets no sympathy (to say nothing of



tea), only her weary curtain line: "You won't find anything there that you haven't found a thousand times before." Anderson is not even as honest as Dante's Satan, who at least posted his "Abandon all hope" at the entrance to his realm. I admired Richard Venture's and John Cromwell's acting, and the heroism of Joyce Ebert who must sit through most of the play silently, with nothing to do but listen to others deliver dialogue by Robert Anderson. Arvin Brown's direction left me cold; anyone who can cast Martha Schlamme, cannot really know what he is doing.

The James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theater is a combined Happening, sensitivity encounter, and rumpus room, and comes, of course, from Southern California. Some of it is pleasant enough, but none of it has much to do with theater. Most of the trips through the maze, gropings, cavortings, and communication by touch are performed by the audience under the performers' amiable guidance and ministrations, but though they may loosen some already untight bodies, they are unlikely to infuse new awareness into the sensually constipated. And it is all so tepid, disinfected, housebroken that it does not arouse latent eroticism of any kind, even the healthiest. The main use I foresee for *JJMLT* is as an even cozier place for pickups than the singles bars.

My own interest was in studying the audience, particularly a lovely, svelte young woman, whose face was an aromatic blend of gravity and girliness,

whose elegantly elongated figure was encased in a suit of expensive simplicity, whose high legs soared out of Gucci shoes and featured those prominent patellae that exude a frangibility demanding to be loved. She was with a man who looked like the heir apparent of some Near Eastern rug-merchandising dynasty, and who was about as involved in the proceedings as in the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*.

Earlier, during a performance of mildly sexual games by cast members, the girl had sat in the last row and gazed mostly into the air. Now, in our own group gropes, where the body of one of us was belabored by the hands of everyone else in the little sodality, her eyes were again strangely fugitive. They seemed to be searching for fire exits or rescue helicopters, and when someone's (even a woman's) body came rolling toward the girl, those eyes brimmed with embarrassed disarray, and the hands (the hands of a princess from the house of Este), rather than supporting and passing it on, warded the body off like that of an obnoxious drunk. When, still circularly, we sat down to hold hands, I tried to say something manually to the fine *quattrocento* ornament of flesh I clasped. But that filigree, almost boneless, fragility remained as softly inert as an uninhabited glove.

When, later, we reformed a standing circle, and she, like the clapper in an inverted bell, was staggering around among us, her body (braless, I felt, under the austere suit) became carefree and giving as it entrusted itself guilelessly and utterly to the kindness of unknown hands. Later still, when there was communal dancing, the young woman swayed and pulsed with a deep-seated rapture: the limbs and head rather gawky, but the body reveling in the movements, whether it danced with the escort, with a stranger, or by itself. I was deeply moved by this Lady of Contradictions, and, as we were leaving, told her she was very beautiful; she smiled and thanked me. Those six words and one smile seemed to contain more communion, more ritual, than all the wordless, mindless capering of the *JJMLT*.



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THE BEST THING IN LIFE IS ME

Lucas Samaras (Pace, 32 E. 57th): The bizarre, often shocking arenas of self-involvement are fantastically exposed in this exhibition of "Autopolaroids" by Lucas Samaras. A series of 400 Polaroid photographs, taken by the artist of himself, and frequently distorted, highlighted or transformed by means of transparent inks, dots and lines, reveals the creative potential in monumental self-absorption.

The show is a spectacle of the self that only the self at its most private dares to conjure. The autoerotic commingles with the exhibitionistic, as fantasy, brought to fever pitch, turns this artist into his own, most expressive fulfilling tool. The Polaroid camera, with its capacity for instantaneous results, records the minutiae of Samaras' self-induced eroticism, which is by no means merely masturbatory, but includes any number of sinister and surreal explorations of the body in all its repertoire of physical gesture and geography. Sado-masochistic pendants, never absent from Samaras' vocabulary, and an obsession with certain objects such as scissors, knives, fruits, and flowers, pervade most of these works.

But Samaras ecstasies do not comprise an erotica of release or abandon, but suggest states of anxiety that are seldom transmuted into orgasmic exhilaration. What the artist records is an erotic angst pervaded by angst. If angst could be poetic and beautiful, as well as distressing, it would no doubt resemble this remarkable series of images.

Twenty Cor-ten steel boxes of extraordinary invention also on view.

Joshua Johnston (Peridot-Washburn, 820 Madison Ave.): This small exhibition of late 18th-century American portraits may well be a "first" in the cultural development of black art history. Little is known about Johnston, save that he was a Negro, a painter of portraits in Baltimore, and he may have been a slave owned by one of the subjects he painted. These sensitive and sophisticated portraits, mainly of well-known and well-to-do Baltimoreans and their children, conform to the traditions of late 18th- and early 19th-century American portraiture—somewhat in the Charles Peale Polk manner. But Johnston's directness and technical bravura (seen to greatest advantage in *The James McCormick Family*, *Woman of the Shure Family*, and *Charles Herman Wilmans*), attest to a talent of size and



J. Johnston: Woman of the Shure Family

strength. The awkward or "primitive" aspects of these works reveal an aristocratic milieu in which facial expression, stance, and gesture are at once starkly formal and endearingly vulnerable. A fascinating discovery.

Jess (Odyssey, 41 E. 57th): This California artist, last represented by a show of witty paintings that revived and reinterpreted "olden-days" story-book illustrations, now shows paste-ups, or collages, some monumental in size, and all super-charged with literary allusions and a riotously surreal sense of spatial and pictorial juxtaposition. Abounding in "historical" references, and drenched in a wild counterpoint of images, these peculiar works jog the mind and eye. A fusillade of seemingly free-associated ideas career and explode across surfaces with a frenzy and speed that is dizzying. The marvel is that an esthetic and compositional inevitability emerges from the rush of disparate ideas and images and everything seems to have a maddeningly concise *raison d'être*.

"Venice" by Leonid (Larcada, 23 E. 67th): The veteran painter Leonid has lent his considerable gifts for the salvation of a city apparently destined for environmental ruin. The show has been staged for the benefit of "The Venice Committee," an organization dedicated to rescue and restoration in Venice. Twenty-five per cent of all sales will go to this admirable cause. The paintings are sensitive evocations of Venice's magical waters, lagoons, buildings, gondolas, and skies, all treated with Leonid's special brand of clarity, nostalgia, poetry, and ravishing sense of color.



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A DEFENSIVE LOOK AT SELF-DEFENSE

"...Most New Yorkers see judo and karate as weapons, as ends in themselves. Orientals see the martial arts as a way of life..."

When I was in the fifth grade, a kid named Jimmy Cataldo and I were both in love with the same girl, and the way things were going it looked as if the issue would ultimately have to be resolved on the street, with our fists. Jimmy was a big mule of an eleven-year-old who worked during the summer for his father's construction company, hauling bricks, and since I knew I didn't stand a chance against him in a regular street rumble, I scraped together a dollar and bought a large, paper-bound book on judo techniques called *30 Steps to Self Defense*. It was an impressive-looking book, laced with sequence photographs of slightly built men (and girls!) getting the best of their brutish opponents through a series of impressive holds and throws. My plan was to master the book's magical contents, then bait Jimmy into a confrontation, but it never came off. Much as I studied the photographs, I never came close to mastering any of the holds or throws, and I couldn't even utilize any of the techniques against my sister. Which was maybe just as well. Jimmy and I went on to become close friends, and the girl we were both in love with moved the following spring to Steubenville, Ohio. Neither of us ever saw her again.

Today, 22 years later, much as I believe in the doctrine of non-violence, I have to admit that I still nourish an almost constant desire to have such a mastery of self-defense that I'll never have to think twice about walking New York streets at night. And apparently I'm not alone in this category, because self-defense has burgeoned into a flourishing industry throughout the United States. In the New York metropolitan area alone, nearly 100 schools and academies peddle self-defense, most of them marketing one or more of the Oriental martial arts.

The average New Yorker sees the mastering of these techniques as an end in itself—a weapon, in effect, to be carried with him at all times, insurance against the random violence of the streets. To the Oriental way of thinking, though, the physical and technical elements of the martial arts represent only a part of an over-all approach to



life. The purists in the martial arts field underplay the safety-on-the-streets aspect, and some won't even take you into the fold if that's your only goal.

"Theoretically," explains one Korean instructor, "the more you learn about karate or judo, the less chance there is you'll ever have to use it. You develop a sixth sense that helps you avoid potentially violent situations. It has to do with personality and ego and confidence. You start to view the world differently, and, if anything, you become less violent than before."

One of the major obstacles to mastery of the martial arts is getting started. First of all, you have to pick the branch you want to pursue. There are three basic choices: judo, karate, or aikido, and within these choices several subdivisions. Once you've selected the discipline you wish to study, you then have to pick an academy (*dojo*), and finally find an instructor you like. The instructor is crucial. In the Orient, for instance, the instructor-student relationship takes on an almost father-son aspect. The same holds true for the better dojos of New York.

Of the three main martial arts, only judo is a recognized Olympic competitive sport. That means that if you get good enough you can compete in Amateur Athletic Union tournaments, and maybe even get to the Olympics. There is competitive karate, too, known as free fighting, but it lacks any central thrust, and it's hard to figure out who is the champion of what. A fundamental problem throughout the martial arts, in

fact, is the absence of a strong central authority—something akin to golf's PGA.

Judo is a modern variation of jujitsu—the *papa-san* of all the martial arts. The basic idea is to use your opponent's weight against himself. No matter how big a man is and how small you are, if he's off-balance, he can be had. Then, once you've floored him, the idea is to press your advantage with various arm and leg locks and body holds.

Karate, on the other hand, is a system of barehanded (and barefooted) fighting, in which the body extremities—fingers, feet, hands—become, in effect, weapons. A major element of karate is learning the vulnerable parts of the body. *Where* you hit is as important as *how* you hit.

The subdivisions of karate break down roughly as follows: *kung-fu*, the Chinese style, which stresses circular movements; Okinawan (also Japanese), which embraces more abrupt, linear movements; and Korean style, which combines the other two and puts an emphasis on kicking techniques.

Aikido is more akin to judo than to karate, but is a more purely defensive art than either of them. Its basis also lies in throwing the opponent when he's off balance. It has few, if any, purely offensive moves.

It's difficult to say which of the many martial arts is the best for someone who wants to be able to walk the streets at night in relative calm. Judo enthusiasts will argue that their sport is the best because you actually *do* the throws you would perform in a real situation. (In karate practice sessions, for obvious reasons, you only simulate.) Others claim karate is better protection because there's more emphasis on the defensive approach and less on the sport or competitive element.

A certain injury element exists in all the martial arts, but serious injuries are rare. Sprains and bruises are common, but, as one instructor puts it, "Part of the discipline is learning how to deal with pain." As a conditioning regimen, all the martial arts are excellent, and age, within reason, doesn't seem to be a factor. Anyone, man or woman, who is in reasonably good health can take

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up the pastime without fear—at least in the better dojos.

As far as selecting a dojo goes, the following guidelines provided me by Arthur Petzal, a karate instructor and part-owner of a dojo on Long Island, seem the best advice.

First of all, find out if the school has a close tie with some parent association in the Orient. If you find two schools which belong to the same association but which teach different techniques, it means, probably, that the association isn't very good and should be avoided.

An important barometer is the head instructor, or *sensei*. His outlook and personality and intelligence will undoubtedly be reflected in the nature of the instruction. Watch what he does during a workout to see how involved he is with individual students.

Another thing to look out for is the size of a class. If there are more than twenty students you might run into problems of overcrowding and a lack of individual attention. The atmosphere of a dojo is critical, too. You want discipline, but you probably won't want to work out where there is a palpable level of hostility. Find out, too, how long it takes to get a black belt. It usually takes at least six months of rigorous training to get to a stage where your skills can be used for self-defense, and if the instructor says you can get a black belt in a year, walk away. The average time period is two-and-a-half years, and the absolute minimum is eighteen months, working out at least three or four times a week.

Also, don't be put off if your dojo's locker facilities seem Spartan in the extreme—traditional Oriental arts practitioners don't believe in showering after a heavy workout.

Aaron Banks' New York Karate Academy (1717 Broadway, near 54th Street, 245-8086) is run by Aaron Banks, one of the most controversial figures in the martial arts today. He is karate's most vigorous promoter in the U.S., but purists think him too commercial and not concerned enough with the spiritual end of the discipline. Banks' response to these charges is that spirituality isn't going to help you out much if you happen to run into a mugger on a dark street. The group classes tend to be large (ten to twenty students) but discipline appears to be good. Most students are in their late teens and early twenties, and there is a sprinkling of girls. Private lessons cost \$20 for 45 minutes, ten lessons for \$150. Group sessions are \$25 per month, one class per week; \$35 per month, two classes per week. The Academy is open every day from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Judo Club of the American Buddhist Academy (331 Riverside Drive near

"... If a dojo instructor claims you can get a black belt within a year, walk away..."

105th Street, RI 9-8879) is a non-profit, decidedly non-commercial organization offering a limited number of judo classes to a carefully selected group of students. What they look for in a student isn't somebody who just wants to feel more secure on the street, but an individual who is seriously involved with judo as a competitive sport. The dojo, located beneath the American Buddhist church, is one of the more handsome in the city, and the instruction is very good. The adult class meets from 8 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday evenings and Saturdays from 2:30 to 3:30 p.m. Children's classes are held weekday afternoons. The fee is \$12 per month.

S. Henry Cho Karate Institute (135 West 23rd Street, 675-8579) is a well-respected dojo run by Henry Cho, a seventh-degree black belt and the author of three books on Korean karate. Classes in the spacious dojo range in size from eight to 25. (Students are mostly men in their mid-twenties.) Discipline is strict, and there is strong emphasis here on the mental discipline of karate. Monthly fees run \$20 for one class per week, \$28 for two classes, \$35 for three classes, \$40 for four or more. The Institute also offers a special three-month contract, \$30 per month, for unlimited usage and class attendance.

Richard Chun, owner of the **Richard Chun Karate Center** (1487 First Avenue, 734-8900), is a seventh-degree black belt in Korean style karate, and chairman of the Korean Karate Moo Duk Kwan Association, which is among the most prestigious in Korea. The dojo (one of the most highly regarded in the area) is not elaborate, but it is immaculate and the atmosphere is pleasant. Discipline is tight and there's a strong sense of dojo loyalty among instructors and former Chun students. Students vary widely in age and occupation, and there are a good number of middle-aged men and a few girls in most of the classes. There is a sliding fee structure here, ranging from \$28 to \$45 per month, depending on how often you go. There is also a special rate for beginners.

Jerome Mackey's Judo, Inc. (139 East 56th Street, PL 2-8585) is the General Motors of its field—the largest, most elaborate, most comfortable and most successful dojo in New York. Instructors are all black belt Japanese, and there's a wide range of students here, including many women, professional people, businessmen, a few celebrities, even children in their own classes. What's missing is a "group" feeling,

which some Orientals insist is an indispensable part of the discipline, but most of the students here seem to like it the way it is. The locker facilities at Mackey's are super plush compared with those of other dojos, and the men's side even includes a sauna. Mackey himself is a former concert pianist who sees a big future in judo and karate schools and is actively striving to become a national force in the industry. The schedule here is mixed: judo only, judo-and-karate, and aikido classes. There is afternoon and evening instruction during the week (evenings only on Mondays) and from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. on Saturdays. The fee, for two sessions per week, is \$300 per year, or \$50 per month, payable in advance.

McBurney YMCA (215 West 23rd Street, CH 3-1982) stresses competitive judo, and offers a three-month beginner's course for \$35, which includes a uniform and Judo Association registration. Judo players at McBurney are active in A.A.U. programs.

New York Karate Club (2121 Broadway near 74th Street, 799-5500), a non-profit organization, is affiliated with the Japan Karate Association, and is one of several local karate clubs belonging to the New York Karate Association. At this printing, the club was looking for new headquarters. The club's chief instructor, Masatake Mori, is a sixth-degree black belt and Japan Karate Association instructor. The students here are of all ages and both sexes, and classes are held early in the evening during the week and on Saturdays between 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. Beginners are taught separately for one month before joining regular classes. Dues are \$25 per month for students over twelve, plus a \$15 initiation fee.

For most of the students who practice Okinawan karate at **Shorin Ryu Karate Dojo** (134 West 72nd Street, TR 4-9281), the discipline is a way of life. The sensei is Zenko Heshiki, who discourages students who aren't dead serious about karate. Discipline is very stern, the workouts tough, and you really earn your promotions. Meditation is a structured part of every hour-and-a-half session. Classes are held at 6:30 a.m. (yes, a.m.) on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and from 3:30 p.m. during the afternoons. Saturday classes are held from 7:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. There is open time available for practice seven days a week. One month of instruction here costs \$30. An introductory class (to see whether you want to study here) is \$5.

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New York Goju-Kai Karate (31 Park Row, 929-7272) is operated by a likeable American who was a student in San Francisco of one of the masters in the field: Gosei Yamaguchi. The dojo is spacious, and although classes tend to be large, the proceedings are well organized, and discipline is strict but not militaristic. The sensei underplays the competitive aspect of karate and emphasizes it as a means of personal development. The monthly fee is \$20 for men, \$10 for women, for an unlimited number of classes per week. Classes are held during the week (except Thursday) from 7 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.; on weekends from noon to 5 p.m.

School of Scientific Judo and Karate in the Brooklyn Academy of Music Building (30 Lafayette Avenue, UL 7-5151) has around 500 students of all ages and both sexes, and has kept its rates the same for the past fifteen years. The instructors are all Japanese. The fee is paid on a monthly basis, but is structured on the number of times you work out during the week: \$3 per lesson for once a week, \$2.50 for twice a week, and \$2.35 for three times a week. Facilities include showers and lockers. The school is open daily from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. and on Saturday from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Closed Sunday.

Jerome Mackey's Judo, Inc. (908 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, 693-6400) is run along the same lines as the Manhattan headquarters, except that it's a notch or two more comfortable. The dojo is open from 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Monday through Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. on Saturday.

Kabudo School of Judo & Karate (80 West Kingsbridge Road, Bronx, 584-0510) specializes in the *shotokan* (Japanese) style of karate. It's a well-run, well-disciplined academy whose students, virtually all male, range in age from late teens to late thirties. Classes are held on Monday and Thursday nights from 7:30 to 9:15 p.m., from 6:30 p.m. on Friday. Monthly dues are \$30 for three sessions per week.

Five Towns Karate Center (259 Burnside Avenue, Lawrence, Long Island, 516 239-6608; if no answer call 566-3050 and ask for Arthur Petzal) is a small and relatively new school but dead earnest in its approach. The sensei is Robert Sohn, a New Yorker who, colleagues say, is more Oriental than most Orientals. They teach and practice here the Moo Duk Kwan T'ang Soo Do style of Korean karate. Classes are held Monday through Thursday evenings, 7:30 p.m. to 10 p.m., and Sunday, Monday and Thursday afternoons from 3:30 p.m. to 5 p.m. There are several membership plans here, but the basic plan is \$25 a month for three visits per week, four if classes aren't filled.

The Underground Gourmet/Milton Glaser and Jerome Snyder

TWO FOR LUNCH

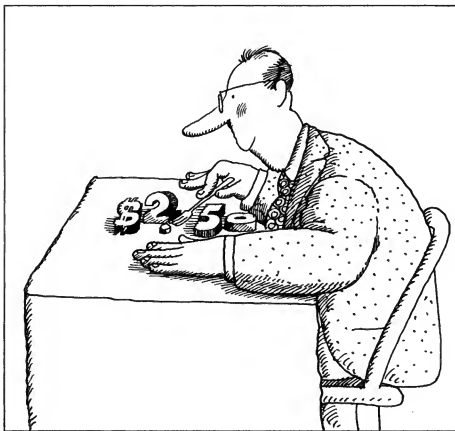
In the early days of the Underground Gourmet, it wasn't too difficult to find a complete lunch for \$1.50. Times have changed! The bottom line for a meal that includes soup or appetizer, main dish, dessert, coffee or tea seems to be bobbing around \$2.50 and even at that price such a meal is a rarity.

Les Nanette's, 106 West 43rd Street (near Sixth Avenue), 524-9762, is a "continental restaurant" which offers a "business men's special" luncheon for \$2.50, including soup or juice, a main course (from a selection of eight) with accompanying vegetables, dessert and beverage. The cooking style is an Americanized adaptation of Italian, French, Hungarian and German dishes. The precise national origins of the chef were hard to ascertain, but for this style it doesn't seem to be too important.

The menu changes daily, although not dramatically. On our visit we had a small bowl of goulash soup, well stocked with chunks of beef and vegetables, somewhat over-salted but otherwise quite pleasant. For a main course we had two excellent broiled rib lamb chops served with mint jelly and vegetables. The meat was of surprisingly high quality, particularly in view of the current price of lamb. We also sampled the chef's salad bowl—a very generous helping of fresh ham, chicken, cheese, lettuce and tomatoes. There is a choice of dressing that includes Roquefort (would someone please explain the popularity of Roquefort dressing which tends to destroy the taste of whatever it's used on). Other characteristic offerings are: fried shrimp, German bratwurst and potato salad, Hungarian beef goulash with buttered macaroni, fresh calves liver and bacon, veal parmigiana with spaghetti, and a shrimp salad plate.

The sole dessert was jello topped with whipped cream. Coffee or tea, hot or iced, rounds out the lunch. Espresso is available at a surcharge of 35 cents and home-made cherry pie is 40 cents extra.

Les Nanette's is new, occupying the former premises of a Mexican restaurant. The room, which seats 75, is spacious and pleasant and the well-spaced tables come complete with tablecloths and cloth napkins. The restaurant has been unable to establish a following as yet and is quite empty during the lunch hour which, at the moment, is the only time it is open. The owner is praying for the speedy arrival of his liquor license which will enable him to



open for dinner. Whether it may also effect some price changes in the luncheon remains to be seen. At this point, however, for those working in the neighborhood Les Nanette's is an excellent alternative to the crowded luncheonettes and higher priced restaurants that abound in the midtown area. Hours are Monday through Friday 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m.

Food—Fair to Good
Service—Good
Ambience—Good
Hygiene—Good

Han II Restaurant, 178 Fifth Avenue, (near 23rd Street), 675-1148, which also offers a \$2.50 luncheon, is one of the five Korean restaurants in the city and the first below midtown. Don't be misled by the delicatessen sign over the window (left by the previous tenant)—the owners are getting around to removing it.

On first impression the darkened room and bar convey a slightly sinister atmosphere which is, however, dispelled by a troupe of mini-skirted Korean waitresses. The lunch starts with either bean or wonton soup (a single wonton and noodles) both with the

somewhat robust flavor that is characteristic of Korean cooking. After that one can order: charcoal broiled sliced beef, fried butterfly shrimp, broiled short ribs, boneless chicken, fried fish in egg batter, sautéed, marinated short ribs. These are all served with chop-chae (a tasty combination of mixed Oriental vegetables and transparent noodles) and steamed or fried rice. A small dish of ice cream and a pot of tea are included in the meal. The portions are on the small side but adequate for a luncheon. Service is prompt. Chinese and Japanese food enthusiasts will be comfortable with Korean preparations which have traits of both.

Han II has an extensive evening menu with a quantum jump in price. The prix fixe dinners run from \$5.00 to \$6.00; à la carte entrées from \$3.00 to \$4.00. Musical entertainment (a singer, piano and bass accompaniment) is provided every evening except Sunday. The restaurant seats 115 and is open seven days, 11 a.m. to 3 a.m.

Food—Good
Service—Fair to Good
Ambience—Fair
Hygiene—Good

NEW YORK MAGAZINE PUZZLE

PROCESSIONAL

BY RICHARD MALTBY JR. (with acknowledgments to Stephen Sondheim)

THIS WEEK'S INSTRUCTIONS: A famous fictional triumphal procession wends its way through the completed diagram. Solvers may discover its participants by tracing their path, one square at a time (up, down, left, right, but never diagonally), starting at a square to be determined. (An idiot will come to hate its progress!) The procession never bar-hops, but be warned: one member of the group occupies an unusual position determined by the inner logic of the story from which these characters come.

Answers include three proper names. Enter the title of the source in the spaces below the diagram.

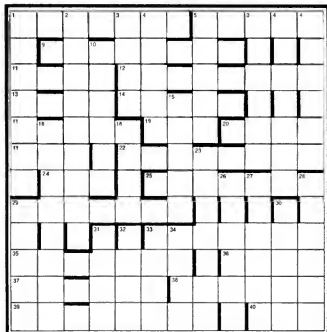
CLUES

ACROSS

1. Bad news—it's in *The Observer* (7)
5. Cancers? They produce many complaints (5)
9. Auto-expand the Supreme Court? I'm no judge of that (8)
11. Sensible as returning to New England (4)
12. Become keyed up about a time-space vehicle (8)
13. Search for German type of shirt (4)
14. Chinaman's put into office, suggests raise? (5)
16. Right out like a light without fear (5)
19. Bandleader mostly goes stag (3)
20. Friendly word in the East (4)
21. Publicize what comes in pairs (3)
22. Watch not running? Change the order . . . it's not ready (3-5)
24. Box has been in the ears (3)
25. Radio broadcasting song styles (7)
29. One of twelve, eleven or ten peer groups! (7)
33. *Applause*, not quite at capacity, and a lot of trouble (7)
35. Ace, for example; ace, sometimes; nearly ace of hearts (7)
36. Polyhesian food and four-fifths of a deck of cards (4)
37. Agreement similarly posted (6)
38. The lady retracts anger—take her on again (6)
39. Do they get into end seats? Yes and no! (8)
40. Distance to the Pole? (3)

DOWN

1. Wednesday (Ash Wednesday, for example) or traditionally Monday (7)
2. Hide things from these companies! (9)
3. To make a girl seem inside out . . . (4)
4. . . . say bad things in the past, or maybe worse (5)
5. \$100 opportunity—summon the brood (5)
6. She gives shout of triumph about touch-up (6)
7. Beating the current holder (7)



8. Drunk in tweeds? (6)
10. Detached retina . . . hire a professional man (6)
15. Sprightly ingredient of enamel finish (5)
17. Poke fun at, then really criticize the main course (3, 5)
18. Drug Act turned up a kind of record (4)
23. Leading character in *Green Pastures* and several groups of farmers (7)
26. Once established, they'll go to any lengths! (6)
27. Make a franc just do (6)
28. Didn't fly with company, loosed disaster (6)
29. Aspic salad types (5)
30. Animal hole, I hear (5)
31. Perfect place for study, depending on low grade (4)
32. Dog Star (for short) and dead skin (4)
33. *The Strange One* involved negative feeling (4)
34. Land at an Israeli port? (4)

SOLUTION AND NOTES FOR "CHINESE TORTURE"

A. pate, 2 mngs.; B. for-K; C. p-Ave; D. mope (anag.); E. lam-a; F. reap (pear); G. remit (anag.) H. threat (anag.); I. par-rot; J. ho-RR-or; K. I(a-R)yus; L. (chap)pen; M. form-a-T; N. the corolom; O. Bent-les; P. palaver (hidden); Q. caterer (anag.); R. peerless (pun); S. stealthy (anag.); T. shoe tree (pun); U. hierarch, higher-ark; V. half-shell; W. (trout)st (rev.); X. letterbox, 2 mngs.; Y. salt-pet-ER; Z. threefold (anag.) A.A. (a-t)le-tale; BB. ill-iterate; CC. Bar(re)head; DD. interpreter (hidden); EE. m(-l) (lion) air; FF. extra-p(O)late; GG. v(aled)ictorian.

Note: Apologies for the misprinted clue Z, which should have read "Herod felt foolish . . ." (anag. of "threefold").



WINNERS: Paul R. Albright, NYC; F.E. Gold-rich, Princeton, N.J.; Phyllis Richter, Harrington Park, N.J.

Contest Rules: Send complete diagram with the procession marked in darker letters, with name and address to Puzzle Editor, *New York*, 207 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by October 25, at which time they will be opened. Senders of first three correct solutions opened will receive a one-year subscription to *New York*. The solution and winner's name will appear in the issue of Nov. 1. For beginners: The instructions above explain the specific rules for this week's puzzle. For a complete description of clue-solving principles write to "Puzzle Clues."



The end of life in America

You work hard all your life and at 65 you get your reward. A decent pension. Retirement in leisure and dignity. The Golden Years!

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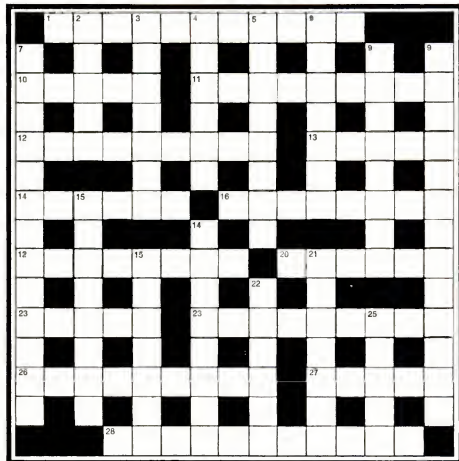
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Solution to Last Issue's Puzzle



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Only average understanding is required to make some men NCOs. (6-5)
10 It's blooming well all right for some of Chelsea's terraces! (5)
11 Dignified and round—suitable for an old-fashioned European journey. (5, 4)
12 "Yon orb'd — confest Which sprinkles benediction through

the down"
(Francis Thompson). (9)

- 13 Roles reversed for the band. (5)
14 ... in a prose version of musical performances. (6)
16 Very French, is it, to proceed in sin? (8)
18 There's no dirty work involved in having fun with the swings and roundabouts. (4, 4)
20 It's of small account to

- give way and join up. (6)
23 Conclusion of the love game in a way. (5)
24 A sign that some of us are mending our ways! (4, 5)
26 Leader of the Press? (9)
27 Object to the cricketer's leg placed in a particular direction. (3-2)
28 Dad ran out with them foreign girls in Turkish territorial waters! (11)

DOWN

- 2 Little work needed with an affliction relating to the eye. (5)
3 Wine damages in the French fashion. (7)
4 Weapon given back to obtain something that's usually precious. (6)
5 Call them former players? They're just extortioners! (8)
6 Melancholy is the holy man

- upset by such cruel people. (7)
7 Is this particular plant all the rage, then? (7-6)
8 Opening to a shooting range in London? (8)
9 Making a favourable impression when getting in first? (13)
15 Prevalent just the same in poetry. (8)
17 Get in a good blow here—or

- is that simply a pretty conceit? (4)
19 Certainly at least half a rock 'n' roll player! (7)
21 Keep underfoot by means of this dish? (3-4)
22 Measure that's all gone around endlessly. (6)
25 "A careless order'd garden Close to the — of a noble down" (Tennyson). (5)



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one's a split-level model. Just pull up the radio and there's a turntable underneath. The whole unit's in midnight black and silver. And the speakers stand on pedestals.

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